F O R U M
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Abroad at Home

Editorial Foreword

THIS MORNING at Grand Central Station I met three members of my family returning from a holiday of six weeks in the saddle in Arizona and New Mexico. They were as brown as chestnuts and as hard as nails. Their talk sparkled with exciting anecdotes from exotic horizons and ancient but still living civilizations.

Earlier in the summer, business took me to England, and on the steamers and in the hotels I was almost lost in the stream of my fellow countrymen hurrying to join the annual procession of tourists rudely interrupted by the depression. What is the lure to us of foreign countries? One of their charms is change of color and of form — the novel patterns of other civilizations. Another thrill we get abroad is from standing on the landmarks of history. There is an almost uncanny excitement in the consciousness that on a certain spot famous men performed famous acts one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and that other men performed other historic acts on the same spot five hundred years earlier and one thousand years earlier.

But we need not leave the boundaries of the United States to obtain these thrills of novel design and early history.

DATING RAFTERS

OUR OWN SOUTHWEST offers to the grandchildren of the Puritans a concentration of surprises. The Mesa Verde National Park alone invites us to weeks of healthy archeological picnics. Science has now dated the once mysterious exodus of the Cliff Dwellers to pueblos nearer the river beds, dated it to a definite decade following years of drought in the thirteenth century. Scattered over the mesas and canyons of New Mexico and Arizona are hundreds of pueblo villages that were old when Columbus sailed the seas — many of them still inhabited — and other hundreds of village sites await rediscovery. The rings of living trees and dead beams and rafters in prehistoric dwellings have been studied so intensively by experts that they know now the width and moisture of each year and can date the ruins of Indian dwellings back as far as the first century of the Christian Era.

The Southwest is still festive with Indian dances from Santo Domingo to Walpi. Take a horse or a motor at night and follow the nearest fire beckoning on the horizon.

There are layers of civilization in our Southwest. The Spaniards entered New Mexico in 1539. They were storming the mesas half a century before the Pilgrims wetted their feet in Massachusetts.

As yet Acoma thrills me more than our other ancient cities. Acoma was the scene of the first American epic, written by the young poet, Captain Villagran, celebrating his exploit, in 1599, of throwing a drawbridge across to the hitherto impregnable citadel of Acoma. After

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my visit to Acoma in 1928 I tried to purchase a copy of that epic, only to learn that it is a rare collector's piece treasured by national libraries.

Early every September, Sante Fe is given over to celebrating the reconquest of that city by de Vargas in 1692. All America can enjoy this gay *fiesta*. Rooms at leading hotels, like rooms for Midsummer Eve in Sweden, should, of course, be engaged years in advance, but there are plenty of hospitable beds in New Mexico. And who wants to sleep, except in a blanket curled up in a window niche? For feasting and dancing the inns are free to the public, and banquet halls and frescoed corridors flow with hospitality. Even the more unsophisticated tourists wear Spanish costumes. There are tango and rhumba and a score of other Hispanic steps in the anterooms and on the streets. On the roof of La Fonda, members of Santa Fe's most ancient families perform unwearyingly, hour after hour, the elaborate dances of their family traditions.

It may not be either the Amerindian or the Spanish color which you meet first when you disembark from an air-conditioned train or an airplane. Lamy, the railroad station for the ranch where I spent six days with my family, was ninety-three miles — only ninety-three miles — from Ghost Ranch. A Yankee cowboy drove me this distance in his car, negotiating the recent washouts on the road, and Yankee cowboys met me with gentle horses at the ranch.

That first afternoon we saw no Spaniard, no Indian. But the vast expanse of range and desert, bordered on every horizon by mountains baked in browns and reds, was reminiscent of Spain; so were the aching silences.

And so were the cowboys. Although they were Anglo-Saxons of my own flesh and blood, these vigorous young men were saturated with the politeness and the quiet speech of their Spanish predecessors. They were like grand seigniors of courtesy in their own right. They spoke with equal politeness of tenderfoot, of Indian, of mestizo. And their horses, though capable of speed and distance, seemed to treat their riders with gentleness and forbearance.

The Squaw Dance

The first morning may seem to you too grand and expansive, with no familiar thing. The gorgeous wild flowers may seem too strange to you. But every succeeding day will surely seduce you. For this region, vast as it is, is not primitive; it is sophisticated. Every inch of soil on this open and, at first blush, desolate terrain has been sifted by the Spanish colonists for centuries and by Indians for thousands of years. Slowly Spanish-speaking Americans will emerge from the almost protective coloration of their dwellings and will greet you out of their dust-stained adobes.

The village of Abiquiu — where American citizens are still sometimes crucified in the pious but painful ceremonies of the otherwise mild Penitentes — is only fifteen miles from Ghost Ranch. Mail comes from there perhaps twice a week, when the road is not flooded, and sometimes a cowboy brings through a message from the nearest telegraph station, some fifty miles away. Of course, we have no telephone, but there is an airplane for emergency. And the Indians, too, at length appear. If we do not discover them, they come to us from the nearest pueblo and dance before an improvised fire in front of our ranch.

We ride and we ride, for days or for weeks, up the canyons and across the prairies, until we are hard enough for the longer expeditions. My family prayed for two nights for rain with the Hopis to their prehistoric gods, and they got rain in abundance this autumn. They came East laden with bright rugs and shawls, weighted with baskets and pottery and silver bracelets.

In Canyon de Chelly, in eastern Arizona, they heard that out on the desert the Navahos were holding an impromptu Squaw Dance. Almost sleepless as they were, they rode until they saw the fires. Two thousand Navahos had assembled to express in feasting, singing, speeches, and dances their hope for the recovery of a sick woman of their nation.

At the Squaw Dance the girl chooses her partner. The squaws pick their partners, and they may be Indians or white boys. And they hang on. If you want to stop dancing with a Navaho girl you must produce a nickel. My daughter, aged thirteen, wrote me about my boy, aged eighteen, "He had quite a number of nickels, so he got quite a number of squaws."

Henry Goddard Leach

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Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

Juries in a Democracy

To the Editor:

I have read with interest the . . . editorial ["Democracy or Degeneracy?" October Forum]. . . . I always hesitate to condemn a jury for returning a verdict in a criminal case which is contrary to a preconceived assumption of the defendant's guilt on the part of the public. It is very easy for the newspapers to convict a man who is an undesirable person from the social point of view. He may be a professional thief or gunman, but, when he comes to trial before a court and jury, the question is not what is his general reputation but whether or not he is guilty of the specific offense charged in the particular indictment on which he goes to trial. Juries see the witnesses and hear the arguments, and their conclusions, I think, are more apt to be right than the conclusions of the newspaper writers or the general public, which are apt to be based not upon the evidence in the case but upon the popular feeling that the defendant ought to go to jail. Sometimes, too, it happens that the judge takes a different view of the evidence from the jury, but the jury, under our system, is the judge of the facts and, in a criminal case, of the law and facts; and even though a judge, with superior training and intelligence, may differ with the jury I think in many instances the latter is as apt to be right as the former. At all events, it is the function of the jury to decide and not of the court. So that, whatever the facts may be regarding "Dutch Schultz," I think an indiscriminate attack upon our jury system, based upon that verdict, goes too far. Juries in the country and in cities in New York State outside the metropolitan district are apt to be chosen from the run of the community, men of average intelligence. They are not apt to be predisposed in favor of professional criminals but rather against them, and before condemning the verdict in the Schultz case I should like to know more than I do about the evidence that was adduced at the trial; and I do not feel disposed to unite in a general condemnation of the jury in that case, even though on general principles I am inclined to think Schultz ought to have gone to jail. . . .

George W. Wickersham

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The editorial . . . is a stimulating indictment of the American tendency to countenance lawlessness and bravado. This tendency is unfortunately a characteristic of frail human nature the world over. If frailty sometimes finds an easier chance to express itself in a democracy, it is one of the prices we pay for a system which also gives the strength of a people the opportunity to express itself.

We should strive constantly to preserve valuable "self-expression," while eliminating the harmful. The best way to accomplish that is through informing the electorate and electing better men.

J. G. Harbord

Radio Corporation of America
New York, N. Y.

What Makes Good Government?

To the Editor:

The net result of the despair of the Bishop of Exeter about democracy ["Will Democracy Survive?", a debate between Lord William Cecil and Henry Adams Bellows, October Forum] is that he, like the prophets from Old Testament days until now, has found mankind a stiff-necked generation. Like Moses and others, who were permitted to express opinions directly to the throne of grace, he complains that men simply will not be good. Now, of course, the fact is, as Woodrow Wilson once said, "when you take democracy in detail, it makes a poor showing." By this Mr. Wilson meant that every effort at self-government, whether by an individual or a society, is characterized by stumblings, backslidings, and all sorts of lapses which make the judicious grieve. Nevertheless, with societies, as with individuals, these experiences are the bases of hopes for better things, and the only thing we can be sure about is that the imposition of authorita-

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tive discipline, as a substitute for self-discipline, is not the answer. Any schoolboy can write for the good Bishop a deeper indictment of the evils and ills of autocratic government than he can write about the errors and shortcomings of democracy. Perhaps it is a bit mystical, certainly it is a thing that can be explained by no step-by-step rationalization, but the fact is that human history demonstrates that the best the race has been able to do at any time has been done by that portion of the race which enjoyed the largest liberty and in which the aggregate strivings of all were permitted to produce the alternations of good and bad results which go to make up what we call experience.

Any government would be a good government for a perfectly and uniformly unselfish people, but, as there are not and are not likely to be any such people, we must choose the form of government most likely to produce strong, self-reliant, and intelligently selfish people. That government, so far as history is concerned, is indisputably democratic.

NEWTON D. BAKER

Baker, Hostetler, Sidlo & Patterson
Cleveland, O.

"G" MAN

To the Editor:

If Mr. [Milton S.] Mayer knew, as I do, how much some politicians wanted to get rid of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and how hard decent people in the Administration had to work to back him up, he would certainly not make some of the absurd statements that he does in his article, "Myth of the 'G Men'" [September FORUM]. The retention of Mr. Hoover despite political efforts to get him out has been thoroughly justified by his record. I believe that there is practically no disagreement, among those who are thoroughly informed about police science, that he is today the head of the most competent detective force in the United States.

RAYMOND MOLEY

Today
New York, N. Y.

CRITICAL WRITING

To the Editor:

. . . Mrs. [Mary M.] Colum's article ["The War on Literature," October FORUM] . . . interested me excessively. . . . I don't know that I can add anything . . . except to express my profound and increasing admiration for Mrs. Colum's work. She seems to be one of the most valuable forces in American literature at the present time. I do not agree with her at all times or in all connections but I have never yet read her without excitement and gratitude. . . .

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Fortune
New York, N. Y.

INTANGIBLE FACTORS

To the Editor:

. . . Dr. Harold Palmer Duey's article "Emotions and Your Teeth," October FORUM . . . is of great interest. While Dr. Duey's suggestions may appear startling in their relation to dentistry, they are applicable equally to other fields of medicine. Every practitioner with experience in obstetrics, for example, is well aware of the influence of emotions on childbearing, accounting in numerous instances for marked disturbances that may verge on actual diseased conditions. The deductions presented by Dr. Duey can be duplicated and applied without difficulty — fear, worry, excitement, shock are all reflected in the course of a pregnancy or labor, both directly and indirectly. Certain minor physical factors may become greatly exaggerated and a source of actual illness in a woman in whom certain emotions are unrestrained.

It would be most desirable to develop a wider knowledge of this fact. The knowledge of what may happen from emotional upsets has been neglected — both doctors and patients should be made more familiar with these possibilities. The machinery concerned with psychic reactions is deserving of further study. Although much has been accomplished, there remains a wide field for research, in which a closer alliance must be sought between tangible and intangible factors. Of course we must be careful that we do not confuse the two.

GEO. W. KOSMAK, M.D.

The American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology
New York, N. Y.

(*Our Rostrum continued on page IX*)

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The Illusion of Neutrality

by HENRY L. STIMSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: — Sections I, II, and III of this article have been excerpted from an address by Mr. Stimson before the American Society of International Law, at Washington, in April of this year.

APPROACHING the subject of neutrality, as I do, from the standpoint of the layman rather than the expert in international law, I find that there is a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding among our people as to its true meaning and scope.

In the first place, when the average man speaks of neutrality he often confuses it with impartiality. Of course a greater mistake could hardly be made. Effective neutrality does not mean effective impartiality. It may mean just the opposite. If the war involves a power which has control of the sea, it may mean that by remaining neutral we are in effect taking sides with that power against its opponents who do not control the sea.

Again, many people think that the doctrine of neutrality means entire isolation from the nations which are fighting. They do not realize that, on the contrary, traditional neutrality involves taking active steps to protect trade with the combatants on both sides.

Only once in our history has our government attempted to convert neutrality into isolation. Although this was done at a time when the world was a very much simpler place than now and by Thomas Jefferson, who was one of our most popular presidents and who had to a very strong degree the confidence of his people, his attempt to isolate this country from the rest of the world speedily proved unsuccessful. It produced such a violent domestic reaction as to almost disrupt our federal union, and the bitter feeling excited was ultimately in part the cause of getting us into the War of 1812.

So, when we say that the great mass of our people wishes to remain neutral, speaking with exactness we do not mean that at all. We mean only that it wishes to keep out of war — which is a very different thing. Such a statement does not solve our real problem. It is a platitude which does not get us anywhere. The real problem is to decide what methods of action will best keep us out of war. Will the method of traditional neutrality do so? If not, should something better be substituted for it?

Traditional neutrality has a powerful sentiment behind it in the hearts of our race. In Europe during medieval times, when war was a regular and customary implement for carrying out dynastic policy, the growth of the doctrine of neutrality measured the progress of humanity toward peace. Originally there had been no neutrals. "He who is not for me is against me" was a maxim customarily enforced in the Old World by anyone strong enough to do so. Gradually the doctrine of neutrality produced oases of security and peace in a world pretty generally devoted to war.

Moreover, this development of neutrality was accompanied by a development of the rules of war in the direction of humanity — such as the preservation of the lives of prisoners who originally had been regularly put to death, the protection of women and children and other noncombatants, as well as a rather rudimentary recognition of the rights of private property on land and sea. All of these changes represented steps in the direction of peace and humanity in a warlike world, and they were predicated upon the assumption that war was one of the natural and inevitable features of that world.

An important result of the doctrine of neutrality as thus developed was the assumption that war was solely the business of the two combatants. Neutral nations were not supposed to pass judgment upon the rights and wrongs of the controversy which was being fought out. If they did so, it was likely to be held that they had taken sides and thus lost

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their neutral rights. The idea that the rest of the world had any right to pass a judgment on the issue of an armed controversy was strongly discouraged by the very history of the neutral doctrine. And, since neutrality had been so important a factor in the restriction of war and in the development of humanitarian rights, nations were very shy about exhibiting a judicial attitude toward war which might tend to impair the value of the doctrine they so cherished.

There was another reason peculiar to our own country for our historical devotion to the doctrine of neutrality. This lay in the fact that we began our history as an infant nation during a very troubled period of the outside world. We found that our safest and manifestly wisest course lay in maintaining a strict neutrality towards the nations in Europe, in the long wars which were going on. Not only were we then very much smaller than any of the fighting nations of Europe but also by remaining neutral we were able to maintain a profitable commerce with both sides. Nevertheless, even in a world so simple in its organization as that world was then, we found great difficulty in preserving our neutrality and had to exchange vigorous blows in our effort to do so. The patriotic sentiments associated with those efforts and that time lingered on to create an additional halo around neutrality, long after the situation which gave them birth had completely changed.

II

Since that period of our early history there has now come the mightiest and most sudden economic and social revolution which has visited the earth during all the millions of years of man's life upon this planet. The reservoirs of power stored up in the earth during those millions of years have suddenly been tapped by man's technical skill and invention. The age of steam and electricity has arrived, and the world has suddenly become interconnected and interdependent. In this process it has developed large urban and industrial populations entirely dependent upon distant sources of food and other supplies. Civilized life has suddenly become extremely complex and extremely fragile. Industrial Europe and to a lesser extent industrial North America suddenly have been filled with huge, complicated habitations of men, women, and children, all of whom are supported by a delicate economic mechanism of life, the stoppage or impairment of which would bring millions to discomfort and poverty or even starvation.

With equal suddenness war has become immensely more destructive. Within my adult lifetime I have watched the development of the long-range, rapid-fire rifle, with its smokeless powder; the infinitely longer range, quick-firing artillery, shooting projectiles filled with an explosive so much more terrible than anything theretofore known that, when it was first invented there was a strong movement to prohibit its use in war; the bombing airplane; the commerce-destroying submarine; and the various forms of poison gas. What is worse, we have seen all these used against civil and noncombatant populations. We have seen practically an entire continent, peopled with the most advanced civilization on the earth, brought by a blockade to the very verge of starvation. War has no longer even the semblance of a joyous adventure — the sport of kings. As it was described to me in 1918 by a British officer on the grim battlefield opposite Cambrai: "War has no longer any romance. It is merely methodical homicide."

It is this revolutionary change in the fragility of our present civilization and this revolutionary increase in the destructiveness of war that are changing the attitude of the world toward neutrality. In August, 1932, when in a speech before the Council on Foreign Relations, on the subject of the Pact of Paris, I first mentioned this change of attitude toward neutrality, I was taken sharply to task by some eminent international lawyers who thought I was attributing far too much potency to the new multilateral peace treaties which they believed would be of short duration and effect. Those gentlemen quite misunderstood my argument. It is not the treaties which have produced the change. It is the change which is producing the treaties.

For the treaties were the result of the conviction that war had become too dangerous a thing to be dealt with by old methods. War is no longer a contest between two nations which the rest of the world can stand by and watch. War has become like a prairie fire which will spread with great rapidity and become immeasurably destructive. Therefore it is the

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business of the whole world to unite for the purpose, if possible, of preventing it from starting and, if it starts, of stamping it out at once. That is the attitude of the realists. The people who think they can stand aside and look at war from a distance without ultimately becoming involved in it are not realists but dreamers. The several multilateral treaties which followed the war; the Covenant of the League of Nations; the Nine Power Treaty relating to the Far East; the Pact of Paris; the Geneva Protocol; the Locarno treaties of 1925; the treaties to which at various times France, Poland, the Little Entente, the Balkan States, and other nations have become signatories; the Four Power Treaty; the recent conference at Stresa each represents in a different way the groping efforts of nations in Europe to secure protection by co-operation against the dangers of modern war.

At the same time it is becoming increasingly recognized that the adoption of any such collective action necessitates also the adoption of machinery for solving peaceably situations of injustice and oppression which may exist in the world as at present organized. And so we find that, amid these gropings for collective action, there have been laid also the foundations for a peaceful and judicial readjustment of differences and inequalities. The various arbitration treaties, the World Court, the provisions in Article XIX of the League Covenant for voluntary revision and readjustment of agreements and treaties are the safety valves of the collective movement. Otherwise a collective system might try the impossible task of freezing into permanence a very imperfect *status quo*.

These groping efforts to establish a new and more effective resistance to war depend for their success upon the ability of mankind to learn from experience and, in this case, to learn very much more rapidly than he has been accustomed to learn. Technical skill has so rapidly outstripped wisdom and self-control that it has created an emergency in man's development which is very likely to involve him in disaster. The success of these new experiments depends upon man's powers of enlightened realism, his power to interpret developing facts, and his constructive ability to devise appropriate machinery to meet new situations. Above all, it depends upon the development in the world of an intelligent public opinion which will give to mankind the will to peace.

III

History shows clearly that our traditional policy of neutrality is no insurance against being drawn into a major war, especially where one of the great sea powers of the world, either in Europe or Asia, is involved. Twice in our brief national history we have been drawn into such a war. To assert our traditional neutral rights not only is not a help but is an actual threat to our peace. The profits to be enjoyed by successful neutral trade can be relied upon to tempt adventurous Americans to embark upon that trade and thereafter to seek the assistance of their government to protect them in their adventures.

But to recognize this fact is merely to scratch the surface of the problem. The real nub of that problem lies in the fact that in the modern world a nation does not have actually to be drawn into war at all in order to suffer from that war. The suffering of our farmers today arises in large part directly out of economic dislocations of the trade in foodstuffs which took place long before we entered the war. The overdevelopment of American wheat fields began as soon as the European farmers stopped farming and started fighting, and the same is true of our industrial dislocations all the way down the scale. If in 1917 we had stood aside and allowed the cause of individual freedom on the earth to go down, we should still have suffered to almost the same degree from the dislocations that now plague us and we should also have been on the way to suffer from much worse dangers from which we are now free. The world has been tied together, and, the sooner we face that fact and stop talking about self-sufficiency, the sooner we shall be ready to make intelligent progress upon this question of war.

The result of this is to indicate that it is more important to prevent war anywhere than to steer our own course after war has come. When a serious war breaks out in the world, we are likely to be gravely hurt, whatever we do. Whether we shall allow ourselves to be drawn into the actual fighting or not is then of comparatively minor importance. All we can do is consider whether the additional injury which will be done us by entering the war will

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offset the evils which will be done to us by some of the combatants if we do not step forward and defend ourselves against them. The theory that we can save ourselves entirely by isolation is today an economic fantasy worthy of the ostrich.

Of first importance in approaching this problem of neutrality today is to realize that it is only a subordinate problem; that the real problem is to prevent war from arising — not how to act after it has arisen. The first duty for us today is to get that central fact into the heads of our countrymen and to prevent them from relying solely upon subsequent steps which at best can do them very little good. As in medicine, our main effort should be for preventive hygiene, not subsequent surgery; war prevention, not subsequently keeping out of war. And anyone who realizes the amount of false, selfish, and misleading doctrine which is being preached in this country today on that central and fundamental fact can estimate without further argument the work which lies before us.

It is not within my province to discuss in detail the various steps which might helpfully be taken by our government, in order to cooperate with a group of our neighbor nations who were trying to restrict and terminate a war. But there are two principles of action on our attitude to which I strongly believe we should reassure the world even before such an emergency has actually arisen.

We should formally let the world know at once that, in the event of any crisis which affects or threatens the peace of the world, we shall be ready to consult with the other nations as to steps for preserving peace. Secondly, we should now make it clear to those other nations that, if in the exercise of our own independent judgment we then concur with them as to the responsibility for any breach of the peace which they may hereafter seek to terminate by collective action, we will at least refrain from any steps in protecting our neutral trade which would tend to defeat their efforts to restore peace.

Both of these steps are matters which lie wholly within the constitutional power of the American executive. Although these principles may seem to be modest in their scope, yet the world's prior knowledge that in an emergency the United States could be counted upon to act according to such principles would be at all times a powerful reassurance to the cause of peace. There is no phase of human activities where the maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is so true as in international relations, and here our country can exercise a most effective influence toward the stabilization of an unsteady world.

IV

AT THE PRESENT moment,* the issues between Italy and Ethiopia are tense: troops are being moved by Italy to the borders of Ethiopia, and reports indicate that war between the two nations may be imminent. Strenuous efforts are being made by many of the nations of the world to prevent such a catastrophe. The Assembly of the League of Nations is in session. Various measures for war prevention are being discussed, and the press of the world is reporting that in these discussions sanctions are being proposed and that, in case of an actual aggressive movement by one of these countries against the other, some form of economic pressure upon the aggressor may be adopted by the nations of the League.

In the face of this situation the Congress of the United States on August 31 adopted a joint resolution attempting to provide for the neutrality of this nation in case the crisis in Ethiopia should ripen into war. This resolution provides that, upon the outbreak of war between two or more foreign states, the President shall proclaim such fact, and

> it shall thereafter be unlawful to export arms, ammunition, or implements of war from any place in the United States . . . to any port of such belligerent states or to any neutral port for transshipment to, or for the use of, a belligerent country.

This provision is effective only until February 29, 1936. The resolution allows the President no power of discretion between the various belligerents, and it applies only to "arms, ammunition, or implements of war." President Roosevelt had asked Congress for broader and more flexible powers in dealing with the traffic in arms to belligerent countries. President Hoover had made the same request in 1932, when the subject was placed before the preceding Congress. Both presidents asked that the same discretion be vested in the American

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *October 1, 1935.*

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Courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch
Cartoon by Daniel R. Fitzpatrick

The Great Paymaster

executive in dealing with a war between nations as for many years has been given to him in dealing with a domestic rebellion against the government of a foreign power, by the joint resolutions of March 14, 1912, and January 31, 1922. Such a domestic rebellion may often involve questions of the utmost delicacy and even present a case where, after a recognition of the belligerency of the rebels, the rules of neutrality under international law may apply; yet the President has been for over twenty years empowered by these earlier statutes with complete discretion as to whether an embargo shall be applied and a very broad discretion as to the commodities which such an embargo shall cover.

Nevertheless Congress has refused this request of President Roosevelt and has insisted instead that the prohibition shall apply to all belligerents, without any discrimination between them, and shall cover only "arms, ammunition," and "implements of war." Its

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action is in marked contrast to the general attitude of the American Constitution in providing for the conduct of our foreign relations. The problems which arise on the outbreak of war in the world are not uniform or static, and their details and intricacies cannot be anticipated beforehand. The American Constitution left the hands of the President very free in such matters, evidently in a wise appreciation of their complexity and constantly changing character.

Thus under the neutrality resolution of last August, not only is the President given no power to act in concert with the other nations of the world in seeking to prevent a war by putting brakes upon the aggressor who may be starting it, but the action which is provided for may be entirely ineffective in accomplishing its main purpose of keeping us from being embroiled in animosities with other nations.

V

LET US EXAMINE the situation and see what may be quite likely to occur: The class of supplies which under this resolution will be prevented from reaching the belligerents is comparatively narrow. It apparently does not apply to many kinds of supplies which are quite as indispensable as are arms and ammunition. The number and nature of raw materials which are essential to the manufacture of weapons, as well as to the clothing, feeding, and transport of troops, are constantly growing with each development of modern warfare. If the other nations of the world, through the League, should impose sanctions upon either Italy or Ethiopia, their prohibitions may very possibly be much broader in scope than those covered by our resolution.

What would be the result? There would at once be a great demand from the country affected for imports of supplies and material which are not forbidden by our resolution but which are forbidden by those of the other nations. The door would then be opened to a profitable trade in such supplies, and many of our citizens, anxious for the high profits thus obtainable, would try to embark in such trade. In such a case our government could be put in a most unenviable position. On the one hand the United States will be regarded by the other nations of the world as supporting the war which they are endeavoring to terminate in the interest of all mankind; on the other hand our government will be besieged by our citizens for protection in their discreditable trade. Not only may our nation come to be regarded as seeking the sordid gains to be derived from a traffic in blood, but she may get into a position somewhat similar to that of one who interferes with the action of a police force against a lawbreaker. I do not think that the great majority of our citizens want their government in any such position.

Thus the action of Congress does not bid fair to be of much help to the government in dealing with the impending crisis. In case of war it would clamp down the bars on the supply of any arms and ammunition to Italy and Ethiopia. Italy is said to be already well supplied with such arms and ammunition and would therefore not be affected or checked in case she were the aggressor. In such a case the resolution would give us no power to render any real aid in preventing the war or in checking it after it comes. And, what is ultimately even more important, if the war should prove to be an act of flagrant aggression involving a breach not only of the Covenant of the League but of our own Kellogg-Briand Treaty, it would give our government no power to join in any judgment of condemnation which might be determined upon by the nations of the rest of the world. On the contrary, it is expressly designed to prevent any such thing. In the face of the needs of the modern interdependent and war-vulnerable world which I have sought to analyze, this resolution is essentially a backward step.

There will remain, however, for our government, the powers which the executive already has under the Constitution. He can promptly use the leadership of his office to make clear to his countrymen the issue of right and wrong, if it arises, and to urge sympathy on their part with the efforts of the other nations to curb a war which has been brought upon the world by a nation in violation of its solemn pledges to us. He can refuse to use the naval force of the United States to interfere with the efforts of the other peace-seeking nations. He can announce (and, if the situation which I have pointed out arises, he should in my opinion promptly announce) that Americans who seek to trade with the aggressor nation under such conditions will do so at their own risk.

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Spiritual vs. Social Gospel

A Debate

I—Economics Is Not the Church's Sphere

***by* ARTHUR M. HYDE**

WICKHAM STEED, in his book entitled *Hitler, Whence and Whither?*, makes a significant statement. He says:

> Karl Marx and his disciples propounded a set of dogmas, created emotions about them, founded a materialistic economic church. They left little or no place for the influence of generous ideas or for the ideals of justice and liberty. In words which I once heard Marx' son-in-law, Paul LaFargue, use in public, "Marx turned God out of history."

The small group of Methodist laymen who met recently in Chicago had an uneasy feeling that something akin to LaFargue's boast is happening in America with the active, even if unwitting, support of a considerable section of the clergy. Those laymen were deeply concerned with the socialistic utterances of various so-called social-service organizations which had expropriated the name Methodist. They were alarmed by the emphasis given to a purely economic doctrine in some Methodist pulpits, colleges, and publications. They had noted with dismay the rifts and dissensions which such preachments had caused in other denominations. They wanted to know why some ministers found it necessary to emphasize economics. They wanted to know whether the church was about to substitute the Marxian dogmas for Christianity, create emotions about them, and found an economic church. They were determined to afford lay backing and lay encouragement to the thousands of Methodist ministers who, with their backs to the wall, are sturdily opposing the effort to lend the name, the prestige, and the pulpits of Methodism to the dissemination not of the honored faith of the Church but of the economic dogmas of Marx and Lenin.

Those economic doctrines have been sugar-coated, it is true. They come dressed in such catch phrases as "the co-operative commonwealth," "production for use and not for profit." The distress of a world-wide depression, with all its attendant evils, has made it easy to dress the Marxian dogmas in the guise of a broad humanitarianism, a deep sympathy for the distressed, and a lofty purpose of creating a better and nobler social order. The proponents of these doctrines call themselves Christian Socialists.

DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

SUPPOSE WE HAD the co-operative commonwealth of socialist dreams. Suppose we installed their scheme of "production for use and not for profit." Let's see where we are.

The mills and factories — the tools of production — have been taken away from those who built them and own them and turned over to society. Thus, quoting the declaration of a recent conference in Indiana, "human life can come into its prior right of eminent domain over economic values." Fine.

Who, now that society has the tools of production, will run them? Society, of course. But, inevitably, while some noble souls, animated by the vision of a profitless world, will sweat at the wheel, others will loaf and lag. Shall they share equally in the product of the workers? If so, where is common justice for the worker? If not, where is the social justice for the laggard? But men want different things, have differing needs. Who shall say what and how much shall be produced? Some men want more than others. Who shall say how the satisfactions produced shall be divided? Shall it be by bread cards as in Russia? Then what becomes of the will to produce? Shall production be divided upon the basis of the amount and value of service rendered? If so, who is wise enough to appraise that value?

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Thus, the first analytical step taken into the co-operative commonwealth reveals the "boss." Someone must say what shall be produced and how much; someone must say how long each shall work and at what; someone must say how and to whom the products of the co-operative commonwealth may be distributed. The very necessities of existence demand a *boss*. That boss will be society — an economic, moral, and political dictatorship, an absolute state. Laymen want to know what sort of men will run that absolute state. How wise, how just, and how benevolent will they be, if the church goes in for economic systems rather than for character building? The benevolence of an absolute state, whether exercised by class, commune, or plain dictator, has always been diluted with the blood of helpless minorities.

Have our ministerial socialists considered that an absolute state, no matter how constituted, is eternally at war with the ideal of human liberty?

Liberty is in itself a moral ideal and the product of the philosophy of Christianity. In flying to socialism, with its state-controlled economics, they are denying liberty. Is it not clear that, in whatever degree the government plans the means and methods whereby the millions get their daily bread, such planning is to that degree a denial of the right of the millions to plan their own means and methods of living?

Have our socialistic ministers considered that a planned economy or any form of socialistic control of the industries of a nation substitutes economic determinism for liberty? Once the state assumes control of production, economic considerations alone must govern. Liberty is a moral concept; economic determinism has no morals. Whatever is economically desirable becomes morally desirable and, in the social sense, right. But the desirability of economic measures changes with economic conditions, and the ideals and objectives of economic determinism must necessarily change with them. Righteousness then becomes a variable idea and finally joins liberty in the limbo of forgotten things. A fixed standard of morality — the Decalogue of the Christian — cannot live in a society whose moral code is determined by economic conditions, by sheer materialism.

The New Religion

The laymen hold the view that there is an elemental difference between Christianity and socialism, even when the latter is garbed in the habiliments of the church and enveloped in the nomenclature of human sympathy. If, by the years spent in the pews listening to the great teachers of our church, we had learned anything or, more importantly, if the Sermon on the Mount means what it says, Christianity is a matter of the individual. Its essence is the proper relationship of man to God, its application a proper relationship of man to man. But always it is an individual relationship. Socialism, whether applied with the theoretical benevolence of the pastoral study or at the point of Bolshevist bayonets, is a thing of the mass. Christianity, we are taught to believe, cares for us as individuals; its supreme achievement is the building of character; it reacts upon the social structure, influences and molds the social system in which it exists, through the lives and the work of such characters. Socialism is an economic system. In its operations on the mass it subordinates the happiness, the liberties, and the character of the individual to the economic welfare of the mass; the individual is submerged in the mass.

The laymen are aware that, in the minds of many ministers, the co-operative commonwealth comes draped with all the idealism and all the emotionalism of a new religion. They know that many if not most of its adherents regard it with a religious fervor and look to it as an open road to the new Jerusalem of peace, plenty, and universal happiness. Maybe it is. The laymen are skeptical that this collective road to peace and plenty will stand the test of actual living.

Already there are many ministers in all denominations who have generated emotions around the Marxian dogmas. To them the fact that the present order has decorated every hamlet with churches, schoolhouses, and eleemosynary institutions counts nothing in its favor. To them our economic system is "an acquisitive society whose death knell is even now sounding throughout the land." Rugged individualism, under which this nation has attained unparalleled heights of development, is their particular pet peeve.

They oppose, too, any effort of the nation

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to defend itself against overturn from within or without. They oppose the slightest vestige of military training in schools and colleges. They would pledge the youth of the land never under any circumstances to enlist in its armies.

There was no layman present at that conference in Chicago who could by any stretch of the imagination have been called a militarist. No one favored war — at least he dared not say so. It is safe to say, however, that every man present believed that this nation has a civilization which was and is worthy of defense, in the event it should be attacked.

Christ and Economics

Laymen are not attempting to change the views of the preacher or of any other laymen. They have no objective which includes the abridgment of the freedom of thought or of speech. But they want to know why some ministers are preaching a new economic system instead of the spiritual system, as Christ taught it. They want to know why it is necessary to preach any economic system at all. And, finally, they want to know, if the necessity of preaching economics is established, what text from the utterances of Jesus sustains the new doctrines.

So far as our observation goes, the self-styled Christian Socialist relies upon the "social implications of the gospel" for his right to style his economic system "Christian." The difficulty with "implications," whether social or otherwise, is that their meaning depends more upon the mental bias of the person who draws the implications than upon the source from which they are drawn. Laymen agree that there are many words in Christ's teaching which point to duties and obligations for us as individuals. But we wonder whether Christ's teachings to the individual in the spiritual realm can be applied to the mass in the economic realm.

Being Divine, what He said was said against the background of all foregoing time. Being Divine, what He said was declared in full view and with full vision of all the future. Being Divine, what He said was good for all time, present and future, for all eternity. There was, there could be, no "horse-and-buggy" age in His teaching.

Laymen wonder whether, when He said, "Man, who made me a divider over you?" and when he declared, "My kingdom is not of this world," he did not forever dispose of all the socialistic, economic implications of His teaching as they affected the mass.

At a time when economic systems have put religion on the rack in Germany, Mexico, and Russia; when humankind is writhing in the agony of an economic distress which has its roots in materialism, has the Church nothing better to offer than the destruction of institutions which have brought to this America the highest tide of human happiness known to history and the substitution of an economic system of collectivism?

II—The Church Is a Social Institution

by **FRANCIS J. McCONNELL**

Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church

Mr. Hyde's article opens with an expression of fear, on the part of a small group of Methodist laymen who recently met in Chicago, over the way various organizations have captured the Methodist name in attempts to fasten Marxian dogmas on Methodism. I think it is safe to assume that one such organization, in Mr. Hyde's opinion, is the Methodist Federation for Social Service, of which I am President. I say this because that is the only organization with social aims that I know which uses the word Methodist. If Mr. Hyde has this group in mind, may I remind him that it has been since 1908 an agency regularly authorized by the supreme body of the Methodist Church — the General Conference — to raise social questions for discussion, on the understanding that it does not commit the Church to its expressions. At the last session of the General Conference the Federation for Social Service

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was warmly endorsed in two separate votes.

The small group of Methodist laymen must have been small indeed. There are many members of trade unions in Methodism. Were any trade unionists at the meeting? There are thousands of nonunion day laborers in Methodism. Were any of them at Chicago? Were any of the thousands of Methodist unemployed there? Were any Methodist laymen who are on relief? If none of these groups was there, just what significance does the group have as a body of laymen? Just the significance of a few score of Mr. Hyde's type who came together to exercise their unquestioned right to state what kind of teaching and preaching in Methodism they will support by "lay backing and lay encouragement." These words were intended, we read, to put heart in the thousands of Methodist ministers who, with their backs to the wall, are sturdily opposing the economic dogmas of Marx and Lenin.

Mr. Hyde's position in brief is that the Church should give herself to the building of character in individuals and leave social and economic questions alone. He reminds us that Jesus discovered the individual — and that individual liberty is the outcome of a Christian philosophy. Very well. Then it is the duty of the Church to take account of all the forces which help or hinder the building of individual character. It appears at once that the social forces take on profound significance for shaping the individual lives — and because of such power are inevitably objects of concern to the Church. This is the more important because the Church is herself a social institution with power to help make that social climate whose meaning for individual development we are more and more coming to realize. The real aim of present-day Christian social effort is to create social conditions which will give individuals a better chance at any liberty worth having.

Mr. Hyde denounces efforts to create "an absolute state." I am afraid his social reading has become a little confused at this point. It is not Marx and Lenin who preach an absolute state. They do not want any state at all but profess to be aiming eventually at anarchism, in which each individual could do about as he pleased. Fascism, Mr. Hyde, aims at the absolute state. Are you willing to encourage those thousands of Methodist preachers whose position stirs you so — those standing sturdily with their backs to the wall — to include Fascism along with communism as the foe against which they will fight?

Mr. Hyde refers to the Christian Decalogue as a fixed standard of morality. Just why he should speak of the Ten Commandments as so exclusively Christian is a puzzle, but we let that pass. Every one of the Commandments was the outcome of growing social insight, and all except possibly two enjoin duties essentially social.

And why Mr. Hyde should protest so against mass or co-operative action is a mystery. He gives us to understand that when all the individuals join in a race each for himself, for profit, all comes out well. He seems confused again when he talks thus, because, after having praised the present social system, including the economic, as the best ever, he lets us know that there is an agonizing depression on. There certainly is. Under the present competitive economic system we have reached a stage which lends warrant to the remark which dates back to Thomas Jefferson — namely that on the social side there is reason to maintain that this earth is the lunatic asylum of the solar system. The social organization — or lack of it — which Mr. Hyde praises allows men to starve because there is too much food, to go without roofs over their heads because there are too many houses, and to do without clothes because there are too many clothes. If this is not social lunacy the word lunacy has no meaning.

What Is Socialism?

Our writer no sooner finishes informing us that the best system is that where each individual acts for himself than he lets us believe that the same individuals would all turn fools if they ceased to act competitively and began to act co-operatively. He throws the words, "Marxian dogma" and "socialism" around rather carelessly, without telling us what dogmas he has in mind or what he means by socialism. He has himself to blame if he leaves the impression that he supposes that any form of social co-operation — especially where no individual profit is gained — is socialism. Our road system, school system, the New York City water system are — on the Hyde basis — all outcomes of socialistic process.

A word about turning economic processes

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over to "society." What is society? Nothing but the people living in groups. The instant these people cease to act separately as individuals and begin to act together, they fall under the control of bosses — it seems. Indeed. Are there no bosses under the present conditions? The problem for society is not to create a new state out of nothing, but to improve on what it now has. If Mr. Hyde's group meets again, will it seriously consider this question: Can any set of Big Business leaders possibly do worse than those in control — say, in the last week of February, 1933? The people thinking either individually or collectively must be an incompetent lot indeed if they forget that in those days the leaders of the type of Mr. Hyde's precious "rugged individualism" fell to screaming, imploring the state to make itself nearly absolute enough to save them and their institutions from the consequences of their folly. Absolute state indeed! One trouble with American business today is its fear that the people may decree that the state cease to act as the agent and tool of business.

What is there so sacred about the profit system that the Church must not call it to account? What is profit? It is what remains in business after wages and salaries, interest and insurance, and all forms of service are paid for. In prosperous times this remainder may be just like "findings," representing no service on the part of the finder, or may be returns made possible by the fact that people live together in groups, again without any effort of the gainer. Sometimes these prizes reach large figures. They may represent earnings — but not the earnings of those who get them. Up to the present, society has chosen to let these prizes go to individuals as incentives. What now is the heresy, from the standpoint of a Christian, in raising the question as to whether society should not take to itself as much of these profits as it thinks best? If this is Marxism, let us reflect that a United States income tax in its distinction between earned and unearned income is a very Marxian document.

The Teaching of Jesus

Mr. Hyde quotes reverently enough the question of Jesus: "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" It is too bad that he did not notice that the question leads to a parable in which Jesus calls the rich man, who is the chief character in the parable, a fool. Mr. Hyde calls on the preachers again and again to give themselves to character building in individuals. When he loses sight of the glory of the present system of things, he refers to economics as materialism. Since when has it been a heresy for the Church to speak out on materialism? Just how much sense is there in trying to fashion men into the regard for the neighbor which Jesus enjoins when sending them forth into a six-day week of labor for profit rather than for use — that, too, in a competitive struggle which makes a jungle look like a children's playground?

Will these laymen please remember that in teaching the building of character Jesus put the dangers of the search for wealth in a chief place? He said indeed that a rich man could get into the Kingdom of God — but that it required a moral miracle to get him in. Jesus, we hear, would have us discover individuals. Well, — we can find a good many millions of them out of work through no fault of their own; a good many of them who have come to manhood after training themselves for work with no chance of a job whatever; a good many of them who would starve to death if it were not for governmental relief. Individualism as a system has little place today. To use the common illustration, modern life is like a roadway. As long as vehicles traveled only ten miles an hour, social control was not especially imperative. The situation is different with cars traveling even fifty miles an hour.

A final word about Mr. Hyde on war. He is shocked that some Methodist preachers are not willing to go to war in defense of the present social system. Here he sounds true to form — using the same hollow terms that are so familiar from laymen of his type, the cant about defense. No, I do not believe it is cant. These men are perfectly sincere when they preach defense by force of the system for which they stand — materialistic economics, production for profit, and all the rest of it.

I have a high personal regard for Mr. Hyde. I suppose he may think, however, that I ought to have kept in mind more definitely those thousands of Methodist preachers, standing so sturdily with their backs against the wall. I am not worried over those thousands of preachers he describes. For a good reason. They do not exist.

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Pierre Laval

France's One-Man Government

by **JANET FLANNER**

Drawn by Sidney Carroll

As Prime Minister of France, Pierre Laval has been Europe's prime traveling salesman. With samples of the dove of peace (exclusive Parisian model) and an old business card, reading *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, for several years he has been covering the territory from Moscow to Mussolini, has interviewed such possible customers as Stalin, the Pope in Vatican City, the Third Reich in Berlin, the Polish Corridor at Warsaw, Eden at Downing Street, Roosevelt at Washington and, lately, any white man at Geneva, Switzerland, who would listen to him. Few in any place have turned him a deaf ear; Laval is a good talker, and continued peace (or even continued war debts) is a good topic. Laval can also talk equal common sense on a hundred other vital Continental items, since, as he himself says, in politics he is not a theorist but a realist — a definition that proves his verbal abilities. Men endowed with less might call him an opportunist.

Laval has long been a unique and is now the most important figure in contemporary French politics. In twenty-one years he has made a career without making an enemy. Certain politicians owe him something — but not everything, which would be awkward; he owes nothing to anybody but himself — the perfect state of parliamentary grace. He and Herriot and Doumergue are considered by the French financial public as the three most honest men in French politics, though, where the other two have remained poor enough to prove it, Laval has grown rich without explanation. Along with Herriot and the late murdered Barthou, Laval is ranked as the ablest Minister of Foreign Affairs since Briand, though Herriot, a janitor's son, is a cultivated scholar and author on Beethoven, Lamartine, etc. and Barthou, a village hardware storekeeper's boy, was an erudite and nineteenth-century bibliophile of the first water.

Though a French Minister of Foreign Affairs is traditionally supposed to be at least a literary wit, Laval, an innkeeper's son, is no bookworm, and his humor remains bucolic. The unusual useful gifts he has brought to his high post are spectacular common sense, a kind of brunette obstinacy, another kind of dark flexibility, a short man's terrific energy, a poor country boy's ambition, and the remarkable ability to talk convincingly always and change his mind sometimes, when necessary. These qualities have made his career. It started by his being elected in 1914 as the penniless, violently Socialist Deputy of Aubervilliers, a riotously Red Parisian suburb. Today Laval is a wealthy independent senator who stands for both capitalism and democracy. He has also just stood

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again as Mayor of the still-scarlet Aubervilliers — and has been re-elected. His constituents are permanently devoted to him.

Left to Right, Right to Left

Laval was born in 1883 in the hamlet of Chateldon in that volcanic central plateau of Auvergne renowned for its unfriendly soil and its inhabitants' love for money. Poor since the beginning of time (the people are prehistoric in lineage, being descended from the Paleolithic Mousterian Man), the Auvergnats, who always make for the capital, are called the Jews of Paris, at home speak a special patois or local Languedoc language, were overrun by the Arabs in the Dark Ages and are still not fair.

Laval's eyes are Oriental black buttons, his hair inky and straight as a Pathan's, his Turkish teeth capable of cartoon; his face is as alert and mobile as a gypsy horse trader's. Besides being innkeeper, his father was also butcher and ran the mountain mail coach. Thus triply molded as a lad, to this day Laval likes to drink a good glass in good company, can't be fooled on fine meats — his favorite is *boeuf à la mode* — and retains that invaluable politic sociable interest in human events which came from being the mail boy who distributed letters and collected all the news.

It was while driving the mail coach that he read the books that amplified his scanty grade-school education, won him a scholarship through the village priest, then a job as school tutor, after which he took his degrees — first in natural science (specializing in zoölogy and stock breeding, since he is crazy about animals, ancient or modern) and then in law, passing brilliantly and earning his way all the time as school crammer in Lyon, Dijon, and Paris. In educating himself, Laval went in for fundamentals, not falderal; in law he specialized expertly on social problems; this has given him his sane economic view in international diplomacies, rather than that mad chauvinism marking ministers who forget that in Europe today they are dealing less with various peoples than with general poverty.

Laval was admitted to the Paris bar in 1909, won his first case — no mean trick, since he was defending an anarchist. From his legal training he has fortunately retained nothing of the slow judicial mind which now constipates the French Parliament, too bilious with barristers. On being beaten with the Socialists in general post-War elections in 1919, Laval stopped being a Socialist, was elected Mayor by the local Reds of Aubervilliers in '23, was then fought by the national Communists but triumphantly elected as Republican to Parliament in '24. This ability to change his political direction led French wits to note that L-A-V-A-L is a name that reads the same from Right to Left as from Left to Right.

By '25 he started his immediate promotions to various cabinets of various faiths (Painlevé, Caillaux, Briand, Flandin, Tardieu) and in various posts; repeatedly and competently Minister of Public Works, he helped settle the great miners' strike in '25, put through the Socialist Insurance Laws in '30, was at other times Minister of Justice, Colonies, Labor, often of Foreign Affairs, was once *Garde de Sceaux* and, finally, three times Prime Minister during '31–'32.

A Tough Year

As 1935 Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, he inherited two men's shoes — Doumergue's as France's quasi dictator and Barthou's as its queasy diplomat — and achieved three victorious steps forward for French and Allied peace: (a) he smoothed the Italian-Jugloslav tension of Europe after King Alexander's assassination in Marseilles; (b) he arranged that the French should have nothing to do with policing the Saar Plebiscite but that the British, Belgians, etc. should do the job for them — the most unexpectedly sensible suggestion about the whole crazed election; (c) he obtained Italian and British support for the French attitude on Germany's recently declared rearmament — an old-fashioned Quai d'Orsay triumph of A 1 class.

More than all this, he recently passed, behind Parliament's vacationing back, his drastic July and August Decree Laws, France's long-awaited financial and industrial New Deal.

Laval, who is no foolish optimist, said that if the Decree Laws were successful he would be unpopular — for once a poor guess. The Decrees are so far successful principally because no one knows how to apply them, and among moderate minds Laval is still popular. True, at the Toulon and Brest Red riots against the ten-per-cent wage cut for government employees which his July Decrees entailed, the

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striking merchant-marine and arsenal workers sullenly sang "Hang Laval," to the revolutionary tune of "Ça ira." But members of Parliament sang nothing, except maybe a little jubilate, since, though they are also government workers, their July salary checks came through oddly intact.

In general Laval's July Decrees, by decimating government wages, annuities, pensions, taxes, rents, electricity and gas rates, clearly aimed at deflating the too-high standard franc by ten per cent and were fiscal and financial. The August Decrees, more mistily material, were aimed at reducing unemployment and doles by public works (principally road building, grade-crossing leveling), at stimulating international trade by reducing quotas, and also at reducing the cost of living by forcing down the price of beef. How this last is to be done no one in France, except maybe the cows, knows. The Decrees are as complicated as the NRA and afford more legal loopholes for not obeying them. Within six months each loophole will be full of Frenchmen and their lawyers, for the French are sick of sacrifice.

Laval would be sick from overwork (eighteen hours a day was normal for him while alternately writing his Decrees in Paris or talking Abyssinian peace in Geneva) did he not have the resistance of a little man in a big crisis. For until an unknown savior turns up, black-haired Laval is France's last governmental white hope and knows it; as Prime Minister with his written Decrees he has had to try and save France and the franc from the peculiar industrial decay attendant on France's going through the world's capitalistic crisis three years too late and at least ten years too early for communism or Fascism to serve as solution (assuming the Jacobin peasant would ever accept either).

As Minister of Foreign Affairs at Geneva, Laval by his spoken word has had to try to keep European peace in Ethiopia, which is in Africa anyhow, a pretty far cry for the faint, frantic voice of diplomacy. Yet, so far, Laval's success as a common-sense conciliator at the League of Nations has been such as to make him first in London newspapers' admiring reports and second to only Eden himself in the Italian press campaign of invective. Whether in or out of his country during the summer of 1935, Laval has been France's most important Frenchman, charged with the unpleasant job of trying to remain friendly at once with Britain and Mussolini, who have sadly fallen out.

A Home Body, Too

Laval's idea of a vacation (when he can get one) is motoring down to the village where he was humbly born and where he now owns the local medieval chateau (the Auvergne countryside is full of them, all picturesque, all authentic). He hates going any place in trains, has a phobia against sleepers: his recently taking one to Geneva advised diplomatic Europe of the terrible tension.

When he hasn't time for a vacation he loves to take two hours off for a good dinner, busily overeat, then idly complain about his liver after, over good stories. Even if he weren't Prime Minister, anybody would like to sit with him at table, he's full of comfortable charm, conversation, and a countryman's discerning appreciation of fine victuals.

He's a firm family fellow, an obstinately devoted father; on unusual official trips (he was the only French minister asked to Berlin since the War and at Rome was the first French minister invited by the Pope since St. Peter's and Marianne's diplomatic unpleasantness in 1870), he unofficially takes along his only child, Mlle. (now Mme.) José. She is intelligent, university-trained (still pretty, rare for pretty French girls), specialized in political science and a fine-arts course with diploma that entitles her to be curator in a museum — which is just about what the noble de Chambrun family she lately married into is. Her husband, as descendant of the Marquis de La Fayette, is entitled by the gratitude of a special post-Revolutionary statute to be, albeit a Frenchman, an American citizen—though he apparently had to go to law about it recently to enjoy his privilege. His mother is former Speaker Nicholas Longworth's sister and writes books on Shakespeare; his aunt, Countess Charles de Chambrun (she was by first marriage the Princess Lucien Murat) writes books on Catharine the Great and Christine of Sweden and is now the wife of France's Ambassador to Rome.

The Laval family, though proud of the alliance, is prouder that it's a love match, since M. and Mme. Laval themselves are a particularly united couple. In a political crisis

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(or about all the time in France now) Madame Laval won't trust a secretary or servant with her husband's home phone messages but takes them herself, though she is no political bluestocking but a jolly provincial lady who, when she's forced to entertain, uses the Foreign Office banquet rooms because she and her husband agree that they don't like public personalities breaking bread in their home, reserved as an oasis for their truer friends.

In Paris the Lavals live well but without ostentation in the Villa Said in the smart Bois section, where Anatole France lived and died. On his money Laval could live like a prince. Reputed to have made eighty million francs, he probably possesses thirty, or two million dollars. Nobody is sure where it came from. Everybody is sure it didn't come from such financial scandals as Stavisky, Oustric, Aéropostale, etc., on which, supposedly, Chautemps, Flandin, Tardieu, et al. secretly swelled their frank fortunes. It is known that Laval was in the munitions supplies during the War; there's a story that when behind-the-line work horses were needed he profitably imported a herd of Wild West bronchos for a French cavalry that couldn't stick on their backs; so, in due course, the bronchos profitably disappeared, leaving nothing but their tale behind.

Laval is also supposed to have made vast real-estate profits because of advance political information on the turning of the Paris Fortification hobo lots into chic apartment sites; is supposed also, because of early official warning, to have made a fortune in French francs on the falling English pound. The truth seems to be that his real-estate money has been made all around Paris, principally in the La Courneuve barrack section, and that, like men all over France, he has successfully dabbled in foreign exchange. He has just bought a small spa in the Auvergne, which abounds in various medicinal waters (his have the quality of restoring fertility to ladies who long for more babies), which he will exploit commercially and doubtless profitably. He has the money-making sense; it's the worst that can be said about him as a public figure, though in post-War France it's considered the best that can be said of Frenchmen in private life.

Only the autumnal reassembling of the French Parliament will show whether Laval stays in power, where he should be. If he fails, only time will tell who will be inefficiently chosen to fill his place. Laval has grown into a much greater man than he originally intended.

Grown Up

It is more difficult to pray
Since Pan and Aphrodite died
And Buddha settled into clay
And Jesus Christ was crucified —

So that no bright, immortal limbs
Are flashing for our mortal need,
The light upon the mountain dims,
And Golgotha is skulls, indeed —

So man walks upright and alone
In worlds unhaunted, unoppressed,
The light about him is his own
And heaven and hell are in his breast —

And somewhere, in an easeful place,
The old gods, with their labors spent,
Look on that poised and arrogant grace,
And smile — for this was what they meant.

David Morton

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Life and Literature

Fall Books *

by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE ARE SPECIAL reasons why Americans should read this book by one distinguished American poet on another, Edgar Lee Masters on Vachel Lindsay. Both of these poets have been vitally interested in, and vital representatives of, that literary principle which, more than any other in the last two hundred years, has given a release to the minds of writers — that literature is the expression of national genius. Secondly, both have contributed work of lasting value which has been food and drink and spiritual nutriment generally to the people for whom they wrote and both, like many other writers, have received very little in return, at least in life.

Lindsay, of course, after his death received a gorgeous funeral in Springfield and now has contraptions there such as bridges or causeways named after him by people who dimly realize that an immortal once passed that way. But he died a suicide, overcome by the elementary problems of living and his powerlessness to force his psychic energy to do his writing and lecturing and to provide for his little family.

> One hundred and fifty dollars a month [says Edgar Lee Masters], from a State whose wealth was twenty-two billions of dollars in 1929, would have relieved Lindsay's distress, and it would have spoken volumes for the civilization of Illinois. . . . A fireman, a schoolteacher, a municipal employee would have had a pension.

Time and again the writer of these articles harps on our need for a secretary of fine arts or an adjunct to the departments of education, part of whose business it would be to see that such men, the makers and recorders of civilization, the makers of art and literature are provided at least with their daily bread, so that this country may not be disgraced in history.

When on December 5, 1931, Vachel Lindsay died from the effects of a draught of Lysol, there passed away one of America's greatest lyric poets, her first really romantic poet and the one who dreamed the sort of dreams and made the sort of myths that the national poets of every country dream and make. Let me explain here that not all literature is the expression of national genius, any more than all literature is an expression of society; only a small portion of it is either one or the other, but no country can have a real literature at all or a real civilization at all unless she has produced a number of writers and poets who can be described as expressing the national genius.

Lindsay was an American national writer, as, at the opposite pole, was Mark Twain, whose centenary is being celebrated this year. Lindsay was, to quote his biographer, Masters, "nurtured to sing of his land and for it in words and images deriving from nowhere except from the soil which bore him." With a change of the verb "to sing," this very sentence could be written also of Mark Twain, about whom there is also a book before me.

To be a national poet a writer needs more connection with the nation than merely to be born there; he has to have that communication with the soil of the country that some generations of ancestors dwelling there before him hand on to him. Lindsay came of a family that had been in America since the seventeenth century; he was, as English historians of literature would say, of gentle blood — that is, the members of his family on both sides were people of cultivation and some substance; they were of the pioneer stock that had struggled

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: — Vachel Lindsay, *by Edgar Lee Masters* (*Scribner, $3.00*); Mark Twain, the Man and His Work, *by Edward Wagenknecht* (*Yale University Press, $3.50*); Collected Plays of William Butler Yeats (*Macmillan, $3.50*); Seven Pillars of Wisdom, *by T. E. Lawrence* (*Doubleday, Doran, $5.00*); The World from Below, *by Jules Romains* (*Knopf, $3.00*); Europa, *by Robert Briffault* (*Scribner, $2.75*).

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to shape the country and make it fit to live in.

Instead of the disgust and boredom with which American life has filled so many contemporary writers, almost every manifestation of it, except the greed for amassing money, filled Lindsay with delight and even ecstasy. The great railway lines, the revival meetings, the Salvation Army, the political speeches, the jazz bands, the Y.M.C.A., the Chinese laundry — all for him provided magic casements that opened on lands of romance. The heroes of the people, Lincoln, Lee, Andrew Jackson, Altgeld, Bryan, were his heroes. When Bryan made a speech and invited his audience, like a Roman senator of old, to "behold the Republic," Lindsay in ecstasy beheld the Republic. Lincoln, to him, stood for something mysterious and grand, as a god from Olympus might have for an ancient Greek poet. He was born and brought up in Lincoln's own town; as a child was allowed by the custodian to play in the Lincoln house and in imagination would see the ghost of the Liberator walking up and down near the old courthouse.

Lindsay made poems about all the heroes of the people; he did not write about himself. This is the difference between the great lyric gift and the lesser one, where the singer everlastingly mulls over his own private experiences and emotions. Lindsay had no urge to confess his personal feelings; he had the urge, to quote a phrase of Harriet Monroe about Masters, "to tell the tale of the tribe." Masters told it in one way, related it, as it were, but Lindsay sang the tribe's songs, threw a glow of magic and dreams over the heroes and their dwelling places.

Ludwig Lewisohn speaks of Lindsay's determination to render poetical every common aspect of American folklife; he was a sort of troubadour wandering up and down the country, saying his poems to whoever would listen. He searched deep down for what he conceived to be the qualities and dreams peculiar to this country. He endowed everything he saw with magic and mystery such as no other American poet has ever done. Did he see a Chinese laundry, Confucius and magical birds from Shanghai and ladies waving fans appeared before his gaze. Did he see Negroes dancing or hear them singing, all the mystery and magic of the dark African land flooded his senses. Who that heard it can ever forget his recitation of "The Chinese Nightingale" and "Congo"?

The Misunderstood Jester

While he received appreciation and understanding from critics like Harriet Monroe, Lindsay was at the same time subject to some of the most stupid and stupefying criticism of poetry possible to imagine. He was attacked by critics with no ear for lyricism and with a half-baked knowledge of literary theories, because, of all things, he was not a realist and because he did not write poetry other than the sort that naturally rose out of his being. There are critics or reviewers who, the minute they get hold of a literary theory, apply it by hook or by crook to every form of literature. In the same way, Mark Twain, who like Lindsay was a folk writer, was attacked because he could not write an ordinary novel or because he revealed, best of all, boys and not adults or because he liked to entertain the masses. His critics were not satisfied that he was born a writer of picaresque stories, and, if there is any writer easy to be misunderstood by pundits with a weight of literary history on their shoulders and a craze for ponderous philosophies at the back of their minds, it is the picaresque writer.

The ancestry of these two folk writers, Lindsay and Mark Twain, had noticeable points in common: both families had deep roots in the country; they both came from the South, bringing with them a certain background of tradition and culture. His present biographer, Edward Wagenknecht, shows that Mark Twain was not the wild-and-woolly semi-illiterate that is sometimes fondly and sometimes condescendingly supposed: as a boy he was given to reading, and his reading embraced first-rate literature, including the master of that genre in which he wrote, Cervantes. Nor were the inhabitants of his native town the crude pioneers we have heard of — some of them read a great deal, and the great English reviews were subscribed for by them. In fact, in his own town of Hannibal, Missouri, he seems to have found considerable of the nutriment his special type of mind had need of. Then he led the finest life of all for a man who was going to write the picaresque type of story, the life of a pilot on the Mississippi.

The early sign of the born artist is not his

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instinctive penchant for the art to which he is later to attach himself but his power of being deeply touched by life; and that gift was Mark Twain's from his earliest age. Many books have been written on him, but the present one, produced for his centenary, is the least puzzled and the most balanced that I have read. He was not an easy sort of writer to understand: he was a public jester like the late Will Rogers, beloved as all such jesters are, and he was also a writer. As a writer he was a humorist, which means that he was a satirist, which means that he could look mockingly and bitterly at mankind. He had an immense audience, to which he was devoted and which he did not wish to disturb in any of its convictions. This often led him to conceal his real opinions. We have to admit that as an independent intellectual, the man of letters as leader, he cut a sorry figure. But then there was not very much of a tradition of such leadership in the America of his time.

No discussion of this side of Mark Twain can be made without some reference to that brilliant book of Van Wyck Brooks', *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*. The important points of that book, it will be recalled, were that Mark Twain was at war with his environment, that he was grievously dominated by his wife, who edited his writing, that under the social pressure of his environment he showed a lack of courage in expressing his true views on various matters of public import, and that his humor ridicules as pretentious and absurd everything of a spiritual, aesthetic, and intellectual nature — the recognition of which would retard the smooth and simple operations of the businessman's mind.

Decorations by Clare Leighton *Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.*

After a fair examination of the evidence, Mr. Wagenknecht comes to the conclusion that the influence of his wife on Mark Twain's work was not of any great account; anyhow, he was thirty-five when he married, and the chances of even the most strong-willed young woman being able to dominate a man of that maturity are very slight. Besides, Mark Twain was a very masculine type; he had pursued very masculine occupations and certainly was not the sort to abdicate his manhood under any woman's influence. Nor was he any more at war with his environment than other writers are, especially humorists and satirists.

But that his humor was the kind that ridiculed everything of a spiritual, aesthetic, and intellectual nature Mr. Wagenknecht shows that Mr. Brooks proves beyond any gainsaying. His humor was not always so, but it was of this kind so frequently that it provided a pattern for American humor which afterward was taken up by his imitators and certain newspaper columnists of the day before yesterday. The truth is that, like most people out of a civilization that is not old or mellow, Mark Twain was not at his ease in the world of ideas, and his defense was to mock at it.

It is sometimes hard to realize that a man can accomplish works of genius and yet have, from his intellectual side, an uninteresting mind. Mark Twain seems to have been amongst such geniuses. If one talked to him about the Mississippi, no doubt one would have been enthralled, but, if one talked to him about his "philosophy," he would find nothing but a rehash of the determinism that was current in his day and that interest in the study of facts which Twain minted and circulated. It is high time to forget Mark Twain's "philosophy," which was never more than a half-understood doctrine, and remember that he was master of a type of writing that includes movement, landscape, character. That is the rarest and perhaps the most enduring form of the prose narrative, equally delightful to very simple and very sophisticated people.

Worker in Dreams

Yeats, whose collected plays are among the autumn books, is like Lindsay and Twain in that his work also is an expression of na-

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tional genius, of Irish national genius. He writes out of racial and national experience and out of personal experience. Unlike Mark Twain and Lindsay, he is a man of great intellectual power, at home in the world of ideas, in the world of intellectual leadership. At the moment he is accepted by many critics as the greatest living poet and as the only genuine poetic dramatist in the English language for a couple of hundred years.

If you want to become a great writer, Taine was fond of saying, there is just one recipe consisting of two ingredients: the first is to be born a genius, the second is to work hard to make yourself master of your métier. I would add a third ingredient to Taine's two: to have to your hand material with which you can make a mold to pour your genius into. That is what Yeats had in abundance — the right material ready to his hand.

He was born into a country with a mythology behind it, a mythology which had lain unused for long centuries, one barely known to the outside world: gods and goddesses and women of the Shee, heroes and fighting men and great battles they had fought. He had a heritage of racial dreams and the lonely philosophy of a small, isolated people with a long history behind it. He was an admirer of the poet of "The Chinese Nightingale," and Lindsay might very well have said to him, in words similar to those that Poe addressed to the angel Israfel: "If you were born where I . . . you might not sing so wildly well a mortal melody."

When Yeats wrote these plays — *Deirdre*, *On Baile's Strand*, *The Green Helmet*, *The King's Threshold* — they were played before an audience which knew the tales they told as the Greek audience knew the tales Sophocles told. There was indeed a peculiar appropriateness in presenting Yeats' translations from Sophocles, *Oedipus* and *Oedipus at Colonus*, to this same audience, to a people in whose racial inheritance was the tale of the adventures of the great hero who, unknowingly, killed his own unknown son, the tale of a king who, unknowingly, married his mother. It was all part of an easily imagined life.

The men who make literature or try to make literature out of the events of the day, out of the practical life around them, never seem to be able to realize that literature is also, is indeed mostly, made out of dreams and that, no matter how much a writer may know, may experience of life, if he has not also a dream, there can be no literature at all — for man is not entirely a reality, nor is history: much of him, much of it is a dream, as is much of all one's past and all of one's future. And all that knowledge, all that life experience can do for a writer is help him to explain or reveal the dream. All those who say that it is anything else do not really comprehend literature.

This volume of Yeats' collected plays, with his two translations from Sophocles added to his own nineteen dramas, is indeed a great and a full book, laden with the high dreams of men — their loves, their wars, their remorses, their gods, interpreted through the life experience of the poet, through his own loves and patriotism and hatreds and remorses. I do not say that it is a book easy for the unread in literature to understand, as are Mark Twain's books about life on the Mississippi; on the contrary, this book of Yeats is for the initiates in literature. But, however hard it may be to become an expert in literary values, it is not hard to become an initiate in literature if one wants to: what is needed is a free mind, an interest in life, an understanding of spiritual values, and some leisure.

Lonely Leader

W. B. Yeats has always been concerned with the preservation of literary values, and, on the list of members of that Academy which he and Bernard Shaw formed in Ireland for this end, there is to be found, oddly enough, the name of that man who was variously known as Colonel Lawrence and T. E. Shaw, a man who lived a life like that of an ancient Greek writer — fought wars, wrote books, was a

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leader of men, and died a sudden and violent death. *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, now magnificently published, is a wonderful book, wonderful in its content and in its writing, wonderful, too, in that so strange a man as its author and so remarkable an action as that which he records could ever have come together at any time. Surely they can never come together again.

This is a book about an epic war, a war within a war, a war on such a local scale that the personalities in it counted, that they could be treated as in a saga. This war had for its end the capture of Damascus and the liberation of the Arabs from Turkish dominion. It is strange to notice how the pattern of the old epic tales is repeated in this modern book: the story has its Agamemnon, its Achilles, its Odysseus, its Ajax. The writer goes forth to battle against the Turks mounted on a racing camel and humming to himself the verses of a poem:

> For, Lord, I was free of all thy flowers,
> but I chose the world's sad roses,
> And that is why my feet are torn and mine
> eyes are blinded with sweat.

The Arabs have always attracted that type of Englishman who is the soldier-scholar-artist: Burton, Doughty, Wilfred Scawen Blunt — all outstanding writers. But we are inclined to believe that the most amazing of all is this latest addition to the group. He describes himself as an amateur in everything, but in one thing he is no amateur — he is master of the art of telling an heroic story and he learned his métier from those masters of it, Homer and Malory. Undoubtedly he also learned something from the writer who preceded him amongst the Arabs of the desert — Charles Doughty. *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* certainly puts T. E. Lawrence amongst the great achievers of the written word in our time.

He seems too to have been amongst the outstanding military leaders but he reveals himself in his language to have had a mind that was the exact opposite of the military mind. When Akaba was captured, he noted:

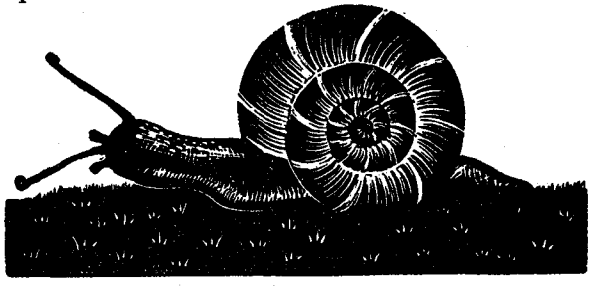
> Especially for me was it hard, because, though my sight was sharp, I never saw men's features: always I peered beyond, imagining for myself a spirit-reality of this or that: and today each man owned his desire so utterly that he was fulfilled in it, and it became meaningless.

Finally Damascus was taken, the great adventure was ended, and he listened to a voice from a nearby mosque calling the people to prayer. "God alone is great; there is no god but God." Continues Lawrence:

> At the end he dropped his voice two tones, almost to speaking level, and softly added "And He is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus." The clamor hushed, as everyone seemed to obey the call to prayer on this their first night of perfect freedom. While my fancy, in the overwhelming pause, showed me my loneliness and lack of reason in their movement; since only for me, of all the hearers, was the event sorrowful and the phrase meaningless.

What a gulf lay between the man who thought so curiously after a victory and the professional soldiers like Allenby, Newcombe, Wingate! As great as between Hamlet and Fortinbras. The text of the book is immensely enhanced by the portraits given in it, especially the portraits of the Arab emirs and kings.

There are very few readers of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* who will not feel bewildered by the character and ambitions of its writer. But a man of like bewildering personality, with the same sort of fearlessness, artistry, introspectiveness — and, one might add, the same taste in poetry — belonged also to that epoch. He was Sir Roger Casement. Both were anti-imperialists and both served an empire, Casement in South America and Africa — and none of the professional soldiers and diplomatists knew what under heaven either of them was up to.



AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MIND

To turn from these books, different as they all are from each other, to the next volumes on my list is like descending from a height to a hollow. Lindsay, Masters, Yeats, Lawrence belong to the primal type of writer: the man fascinated by national genius, the man with a dream and a mission. The next books are by the type of writer who represents the other literary theory, literature as an expression of society. Of this school the best product in our time is that novel of many volumes which Jules Romains is at present engaged on.

This writer has long been before the public.

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Previous to the war he was a member of that famous Abbaye group, an association of artists and writers who lived together in an old abbey for the sake of their work and for developing their technique. Jules Romains is, in fact, one of the two or three men of our time who have actually done something to advance the technique of the novel. He has always been obsessed with the relation of the human being to the crowd. For example, we all have casual relations with a whole populace — with the man who shines our shoes, the people we meet in a doctor's office, the hairdresser, the newsman. Sometimes it is the casual contacts that direct our lives.

The old novelists dealt only with groups of intimates, and the old technique of the novel or drama was developed for revealing these relations. But Jules Romains has attempted to develop a technique for dealing with whole societies, whole interconnections of people. From his interest in groups comes his interest in secret societies, the most organized of all groups: he puts forward the idea that all important changes in European society have been achieved through secretly organized groups and that the road to order in the future may be also through some occult group. In this volume he shows himself as becoming absorbed in the role of the secret society in the great events of history — the secret financial operators, the societies such as the Freemasons, the religious orders.

Remarkable as is *The World from Below*, it is the feat of an assimilative, an immensely assimilative, rather than a creative mind. Jules Romains is able to assimilate all possible information about people — their personality, their opinions, their daily business, their gestures — and all this he presents to us. But yet his characters never really become people. None of them has the inner depth we feel in the characters of those other innovators of technique, Proust's Baron Charlus or Joyce's Mr. Bloom, two people in whose existence we believe as we believe in the existence of our own intimates.

But we never quite believe in the existence of Romains' personages at all: they are not given in all their dimensions; they are pawns in a society that urges them on. Impressed as we cannot fail but be by the knowledge of the author, by his immense industry, by his insight into the movements of the day, by his acquaintance with all types of men and all types of milieus, we cannot help the notion that his mind moves on a flat and monotonous plane. But, whether this immense work is a work of lasting literature or not, it is one of the remarkable novels of our time.

The Best People

To turn from these significant books to one that is being read by more people than all the others put together is to receive a lesson in the psychology of crowds sharper than any Jules Romains has been able to give us. *Europa*, by Robert Briffault, is one of the most avidly read books of the season: it appeals to the snob, the sadist, the lecher, the backstairs gossip that the author conceives to be somewhere in all men and women. One cannot help the feeling that the author of a book of philosophical import, *The Mothers*, wrote this novel with his tongue in his cheek, having first ingeniously investigated all the ingredients that should go into a novel that is to be a best seller in the year 1935. Having got them all into *Europa* and watched the result, he can now lean back and laugh Mephistophelian laughter.

What is this widely read and widely advertised novel about? Well, first of all, it is that sort of book which Huckleberry Finn read out to his nigger friend Jim —

> about kings and dukes and earls and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister,

— the kind of book which made Jim's eyes "bug out." But the author of *Europa* had to appeal to other folk beside the Jims and Huckleberry Finns, so he gets in all the other ingredients.

First, there is our old friend, sex, in all its branches — sex plain, sex adorned, sex inverted, sex perverted. Then there are those sorts of Russian princes and princesses that the domino players in the cafés of Paris and the Riviera talk about with such excited interest. There is the prince who whips women or sticks pins in flies or in little girls. There is the one who has the villa in which strange and mysterious orgies take place. This prince is, needless to say, not any old prince — he is of the line of Rurik; some members of this line might conceivably be quiet, domestic gentlemen,

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stupid but devoted fathers and henpecked husbands like the last Czar of All the Russias, but that type wouldn't get us very far in a book like this. So instead we have in Prince Nevidof, the most depraved, arrogant, and lecherous personage that the mind of man can invent. There are dukes and duchesses peregrinating up and down the Mediterranean in yachts; there are the usual loose and venal ladies of the English aristocracy. As is the fashion of the moment, it is not the hero, Julian, who seduces; willingly, however, he permits himself to be seduced and his virtue ruined, in turn, by a fabulously rich and beautiful Russian princess of the line of Rurik, then by a fabulously gifted artist, as well as by an array of others. Finally he is carried off to her estate in Germany by the lady of the line of Rurik and is boldly described by her to her callers as her "schatz."

The author of *Europa* is described by the publishers as being intimately acquainted with the group of society people he describes. This may well be. But he could just as easily have written these pages from the café gossip along the Riviera, a few readings of the Court Circular, attendance at a salon, and a dip into the *Almanach de Gotha*. What is the social significance of it all? It shows, say the reviewers, the old European nobility rushing blindly to its doom, guilty of every folly. That is the correct formula for a falling caste since the publication of *L'Ancien Régime*. It gives us all the feeling of sitting in a veranda in the Place de la Concorde, to see the Queen and courtiers guillotined.

In spite of all the parade of information that the author makes, he takes no such pains as Jules Romains to document himself on his people. Both authors, it should be remarked, introduce real personages into their pages. If one had time and space one could exhibit examples of the strangest naïveties, from the misuse of titles (which would be hardly worth noting, except for the insistence that the author is such an insider) to the odd account of the Catholic lady still holding a salon whose admirers "were insistent in their representations to the Vatican for her official canonization." I will conclude by giving a sentence to show that *Europa* is full of those glamorous personages about whom Huckleberry Finn discoursed to Jim:

> Kattie was Lady Katherine de Nivelle. She was not hard to discover in the apartment which Lady Irene indicated. In white and silver, with a small tiara of diamonds in her light brown hair . . . at her side Lord de Nivelle, with reddish beard and still redder aquiline beak, was talking to Baron d'Erlanger and the Duchess of Portland. . . . "I have only one moment," she said, "while Dicky is being presented to the Crown Prince of Siam."

This goes on all through the book. What else do these personages do beside meet each other at receptions? Well, like Huckleberry Finn's kings and dukes,

> "they just set around — except, maybe, when there's a war. . . . When things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment. . . . But mostly they hang round the harem."

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Notes of a War Nurse—II

A Diary without Dates

***by* ENID BAGNOLD**

XI

I AM ALIVE, delirious, but not happy.

I am at anyone's mercy; I have lost thirty friends in a day. The thirty-first is in bed Number 11.

This is bad: hospital cannot shelter this life we lead, Number 11 and I. He is a prisoner, and I have my honor, my responsibility toward him; he has come into this room to be cured, not tormented.

Even my hand must not meet his — no, not even in a careless touch, not even in its "duty"; or, if it does, what risk!

I am conspired against: it is not I who make his bed, hand him what he wishes; some accident defeats me every time.

Now that I come to think of it, it seems strange that the Sisters should be my enemies. Don't we deserve sympathy and pity, Number 11 and I? From women, too. . . .

Isn't there a charm hanging about us? Aren't we leading magic days? Do they feel it and dislike it? Why?

I feel that the little love we have created is a hare whose natural fate is to be run by every hound. But I don't see the reason.

We can't speak, Number 11 and I, only a whispered word or two that seems to shout itself into every ear. We don't know each other.

Last night it was stronger than I. I let him stand near me and talk. I saw the youngest Sister at the far end of the ward by the door but I didn't move; she was watching. The moment I took my eyes from her I forgot her. . . . This is how one feels when one is desperate; that is how trouble comes.

Later, I stood down by the hatch waiting for the tray of fish, and as I stood there, the youngest Sister beside me, he came down, for he was up and dressed yesterday, and offered to carry the tray. For he is reckless, too. . . .

She told him to go back and said to me, looking from her young, condemning eyes, "I suppose he thinks he can make up for being the cause of all the lateness tonight."

"Sister" — and then I stopped short. I hated her. Were we late? I looked at the other trays. We were not late; it was untrue. She had said that because she had had to wrap her barb in something and hadn't the courage to reprove me officially. I resented that and her air of equality. Since I am under her authority and agree to it, why dare she not use it?

As for me, I dared not speak to her all the evening. She would have no weapons against me. If I am to remember she is my Sister I must hold my hand over my mouth.

She would not speak to me, either. That was wrong of her: she is in authority, not I.

It is difficult for her because she is so young; but I have no room for sympathy.

At moments I forget her position and, burning with resentment, I reflect: ". . . this schoolgirl. . . ."

Today I walked down to the hospital thinking: "I must be stronger. It is I who, in the inverted position of things, should be the stronger. He is being tortured, and he has no release. He cannot even be alone a moment."

But at the hospital gates I thought of nothing but that I should see him.

In the bunk sat the eldest Sister, writing in a book. It passed through my head that the two Sisters had probably "sat" on my affairs together. I wondered without interest what the other had told her. Putting on my cap, I walked into the ward.

Surely his bed had had a pink eiderdown!

I walked up the ward and looked at it; but I knew without need of a second glance what had happened.

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His bed was made in the fashion in which we make an empty bed, a bed that waits for a new patient. His locker was empty and stood open, already scrubbed. I smiled as I noticed they hadn't even left me that to do.

No one volunteered a word of explanation, no one took the trouble to say he had gone.

These women. . . . I smiled again. Only the comic phrase rang in my head: "They've properly done me in! Properly done me in. . . ."

I went downstairs and fetched the trays, and all the time the smile was on my lips. These women. . . . Somehow I had the better of the Sister. It is better to be in the wrong than in the right.

His friends looked at me a little, but apparently he had left no message for me.

Drawings by Edward C. Caswell

Later I learned that he had been taken to another hospital at two, while I came on at three.

Once during the evening the eldest Sister mentioned vaguely, "So-and-so has gone."

And I said aloud, after a little reflection, "Yes . . . in the nick of time, Sister."

During the evening I realized that I should never see him again. It was here in this ward the thing had grown. The hare we had started wouldn't bear the strain of any other life. He might write, but I shouldn't go and see him.

"He must be wild," I thought with pity.

The feeling between us would die anyhow; better throw in my strength with the Sister's and help her hurl it now toward its death. I looked at her bent head with a secret triumph.

Then, slowly: "How . . . permanently am I in disgrace?"

And she: "Not at all . . . now."

I heard a blackbird sing in the middle of the night last night — two bars and then another. I thought at first it might be a burglar whistling to his mate in the black and rustling garden.

But it was a blackbird in a nightmare.

XII

I MET A FRIEND yesterday, one of the old Chelsea people. He has followed his natural development. Although he talks war, war, war, it is from his old angle, it wears the old hallmark.

He belongs to a movement which believes it "feels the war." Personal injury or personal loss does not enter the question; the heart of this movement of his bleeds perpetually but impersonally. He claims for it that this heart is able to bleed more profusely than any other heart, individual or collective, in . . . let us limit it to England!

In fact it is the only blood he has noticed.

When the taxes go up he says, "Well, now perhaps it will make people feel the war!" For he longs that everyone should lose his money so that at last everyone may "feel the war," "stop the war" (interchangeable!).

He forgets that even in England a great many quite stupid people would rather lose their money than their sons.

How strange that these people should still picture the minds of soldiers as filled with the glitter of bright bayonets and the glory of war! They think we need a vision of blood and ravage and death to turn us from our bright thoughts, to still the noise of the drum in our ears. The drums don't beat, the flags don't fly. . . .

He should come down the left-hand side of the ward and hear what the dairyman says.

"I 'ates it, Nurse; I 'ates it. Them 'orses'll kill me; them drills. . . . It's no life for a man, Nurse."

The dairyman hasn't been to the front; you needn't go to the front to hate the war. Sometimes I get a glimpse from him of what it means to the weaklings, the last-joined, feeble creatures.

"Me 'ead's that queer, Nurse; it seems to get queerer every day. I can't 'elp worryin'. I keep thinkin' of them 'orses."

Always the horses. . . .

I said to Sister, "Is Number 24 really ill?"

"There's a chance of his being mental," she said. "He is being watched."

Was he mental before the war took him,

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before the sergeant used to whip the horses as they got to the jumps, before the sergeant cried out, "Cross your stirrups!"?

It isn't his fault; there are strong and feeble men.

A dairyman's is a gentle job; he could have scraped through life all right. He sleeps in the afternoon and stirs and murmurs: "Drop your reins. . . . Them 'orses, sergeant! I'm comin', sergeant; don't touch 'im this time!" And then in a shriller voice, "Don't touch 'im. . . ." Then he wakes.

Poor mass of nerves. . . . He nods and smiles every time one looks at him, frantic to please.

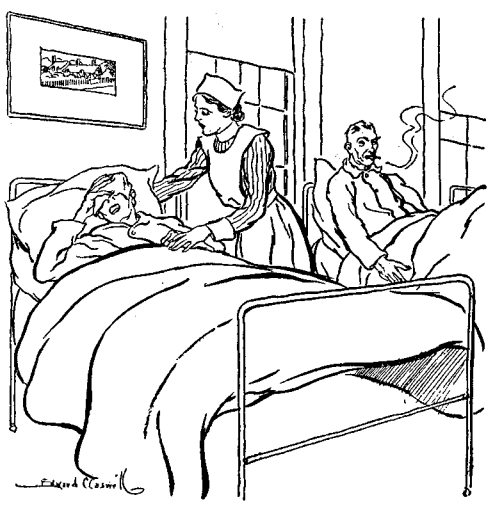
There are men and men. Scutts has eleven wounds, but he doesn't "mind" the war. God made many brands of men, that is all; one must accept them.

But war finds few excuses; and there are strange minnows in the fishing net. Sometimes, looking into the T.B. ward, I think: "It almost comes to this: one must spit blood or fight. . . ."

"Why don't you refuse?" my friend would say to the dairyman. "Why should you fight because another man tells you to?"

It isn't so simple as that, is it, Dairyman? It isn't even a question of the immense, vague machinery behind the sergeant but just the sergeant himself; it isn't a question of generals or politicians, of great wrongs or fierce beliefs . . . but of the bugle which calls you in the morning and the bugle which puts you to bed at night.

Well, well. . . . The dairyman is in hospital, and that is the best that he can hope for.



XIII

THIS AFTERNOON I was put at splints again.

I had only an inch or two to finish and I spun it out, very happy.

Presently the foot of a bed near me began to catch my attention: the toe beneath the sheets became more and more agitated; then the toes of the other foot joined the first foot, beating a frenzied tattoo beneath the coverings. I looked up.

Facing me, a pair of blue eyes were bulging above an open mouth; the nostrils were quivering; the fingers were wrung together. It was Gayner, surely seeing a ghost.

I rose and went to his bed.

"My jaws want to close," he muttered. "I can't keep them open."

I jumped and went for Sister, who took the news in a leisurely fashion, which reproved me for my excitement. Feeling a fool, I went and sat down again, taking up my splint. But there was no forgetting Gayner.

I tried to keep my eyes on my work, but first his toes and then his hands filled all my mind, till at last I had to look up and meet the eyes again.

Still looking as though he had seen a ghost — a beast of a ghost. . . ! In hospital since Mons. . . . "I wonder how many men he has seen die of tetanus," I thought.

"He's got the jumps," I thought.

So had I. Suppose Sister were wrong! Suppose the precious minutes were passing! Suppose. . . ! She was only the junior Sister.

"Shall I get you some water?" I said at last. He nodded and gulped in a horrible fashion. I got him the mug and while he drank I longed but did not dare to say, "Are you afraid of . . . that?" I thought if one could say the word it might break down that dumb fright, draw the flesh up again over those bulging eyes, give him a sort of anchor, a confessional, even if it were only I. But I didn't dare. Gayner is one of those men so pent up, so rigid with some inner indignation, one cannot tamper with the locks.

Again I went and sat down.

When next I looked up he was sweating. He beckoned to me: "Ask Sister to send for the doctor. I can't stand this."

I went and asked her.

She sucked her little finger thoughtfully. "Give him the thermometer," she said.

He couldn't take it in his mouth — ". . . for if I shut my lips they'll never open." I put it under his arm and waited while his feet kicked and his hands twisted. He was normal. Sister smiled.

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But by a coincidence the doctor came, gimlet-eyed.

"Hysteria . . ." he said to Sister in the bunk.

"Is no one going to reassure Gayner?" I wondered.

No one did.

Isn't the fear of pain next brother to pain itself? Tetanus or the fear of tetanus — a choice between two nightmares. Don't they admit that?

So, forbidden to speak to him, I finished my splint till teatime. But I couldn't bring myself to sit down to it, for fear that the too placid resumption of my duties would outrage him. I stood up.

Which helped me, not him.

XIV

THE ATTACK has begun.

"At 3:15 this morning . . . on a front of two miles. . . ."

So that is why the ward is so empty and the ambulances have been hurrying out of the yard all day. We shall get that convoy for which I longed.

When the ward is empty and there is, as now, so little work to do, how we, the women, watch each other over the heads of the men! And, because we do not care to watch nor are much satisfied with what we see, we want more work. At what a price we shall get it. . . .

Scutts and Monk talk to me while I sew, but what about the Monks, Scutts, Gayners whose wounds will never need dressings or tubes — who lie along a front of two miles, one on his face, another on his back?

Since 3:15 this morning a lot of men have died. Thank God one cannot go on realizing death.

But one need not think of it. This is a ward; here are the lucky ones. Even when I look at Rees, even when I look at the grocer, even when I look at the T.B. ward, I know that anything, *anything* is better than death. But I have known a man here and there who did not think so — and these men, though they were close on death it is true, were nevertheless like strangers in the ward.

For one can be close on death and remain familiar, friendly, comprehensible.

I used to think, "It is awful to die." But who knows what compliance the years will bring? What is awful is to die *young*.

From pillar to post. . . .

The dairyman, who has been gone to another hospital these five weeks, returned today, saying miserably as he walked into the ward, "Me 'ead's queerer than ever." His eyes, I think, are larger too, and he has still that manner of looking as though he thought someone could do something for him.

I can't — beyond raising the smallest of tablets to him, with the inscription, "Another farthing spent. . . ."

I must say that the dairyman seems to me quite mad and I wonder only how little it is noticed. He will sit in a chair beside Palmer for hours, raising and lowering his eyebrows and fitting imaginary gloves onto his fingers.

An inspecting general, pausing at his bed this morning, said: "A dairyman, are you? Frightened of horses, are you? Then what do you do about the cows?"

He was pleased with his own joke, and the dairyman smiled too, uncomprehendingly, his eyebrows shooting up and down like swallows' wings. Such jokes mean nothing to him; he is where no joke but his own will ever please him any more. . . .

Palmer doesn't like sitting near him, but, since it is too much trouble to move, he allows it — poor Palmer, who has a piece of metal somewhere in his brain and is never seen without one long hand to his aching head. He said to me yesterday, when I asked him which convalescent home he was going to, "It doesn't matter. We both go to the same kind before long," jerking his thumb at the dairyman. As for the latter, there surely can be no escape, but for Palmer. . . .

"They won't take it out: too risky. Seen my x-ray picture?"

"No."

"You look at it. Right in the middle of the brain. Seems funny, if I say I'm

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willing to risk it, why they shouldn't be too."

"You're willing to risk it?"

"I'm only nineteen! What's the good of my head to me! I can't remember the name of the last hospital I was at. . . ."

Ah, these hurried conversations sandwiched between my duties, when in four sentences the distilled essence of bitterness is dropped into my ear! . . .

"Sister, what will they do with Palmer?"

"They are going to discharge him. They won't operate."

"But what will happen to him?"

"I don't know."

"But, if he is willing to risk his life to save his brain, can they still refuse?"

"They won't operate."

XV

PINKER IS FULL of grains of knowledge. He has just discovered a wonderful justification for not getting up, directly he is told off for a job.

"I never refuse a nurse," he said, as he thoughtfully picked over the potatoes. ("Li'l men, I'il spuds!" he says, to excuse himself for taking all the sought-after small ones.) "I never refuse a nurse. But I like to finish me game of draughts first — like Drake."

Pinker notices everything. He took the grocer for a ride on the tram yesterday. "'E got so excited he got singing 'Tipperary,' an' the blood vessels on his neck goin' fit to burst. Weren't he, Bill?"

He appealed to Monk, whose name is George.

(By the way, I wonder when people will stop calling them "Tommy" and call them "Bill." I never heard the word "Tommy" in a soldier's mouth: he was a red-coated man. "But every mate's called 'Bill,' ain't 'e, Bill?")

XVI

AFTER THE DRESSINGS are over, we scrub the dishes and basins in the annex.

In the annex, except that there is nothing to sit on, there is leisure and an invitation to reflection.

Beneath the windows, legions of white butterflies attack the cabbage patch which divides us from the road; beyond the road there is a camp from which the dust flows all day without end.

When the wind is from the north the dust is worse than ever and breaks like a surf over the cabbages, while the butterflies try to rise above it; but they never succeed, and dimly one can see the white wings beating in the whirlpool.

I shall never look at white butterflies again without hearing the sounds from the camp, without seeing the ring of riders, without thinking, perhaps of the dairyman and of the other "dairymen."

The butterflies do not care for noise. When, standing beside the cabbage patch, the bugler blows the dinner bugle, they race in a cloud to the far corner and hover there until the last note is sounded.

From the camp across the road the words of command float in through the ward window.

"Halt!" and "Left wheel!" and "Right wheel! . . ."

They float into the ward bearing the sense of heat and dust and of the bumping of the saddle. One can see all the dairymen and all the plumbers, chefs, and shopwalkers bumping up and down in a ring amid a cloud of dust, while the voice of the sergeant cries out those things that my dairyman used to think of in his sleep.

Then the jumps go up. "Left wheel!" "Right wheel!" . . . And now, "Cross your stirrups!" One out of every four of them is clinging, grabbing, swaying.

The seventh is off! It was a long fight. . . . He went almost round the horse's neck before he fell.

We must win the war, win the war, win the war!

Every sort of price must be paid, every kind of curious coinage — the pennies and farthings of fear and despair in odd places, as well as the golden coin of life which is spent across the water.

All day long the words of command come over the ward window sills. All day long they bump and shout and sweat and play that charade of theirs behind the guns.

All day long, little men training to fill just such another hospital as ours with other little men.

But one does not say any longer, "What a strange thing is life!" Only in rare moments does the divine astonishment return.

(This is the second of two installments of Miss Bagnold's war diary.)

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Garden Scenes

Five Wood Engravings

Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

by CLARE LEIGHTON

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"*Ours is an ordinary garden,*" *begins Clare Leighton in her forthcoming book,* Four Hedges, *from which these five etchings have been reproduced. "We saw it first one shining day of May," she continues. "We had walked among the hills, looking from meadow to meadow, balancing view against view, earth against earth. For we knew that, were we to slip down to the plain, our earth would be rich and dark and our flowers would be sheltered and flourish. Two things made us buy this land: we could not withstand the appealing beauty of the clumps of cowslips nor resist the hawthorn hedges that bounded the grassland. So through four years around the nucleus of clumps of cowslips we have tamed and enriched this half acre of grassland, bending it to our will, fighting its stubbornness. It has repaid our kindness by spreading a hundredfold in soil that we have fed and turned.*"

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Made in Japan—I

by **GUENTHER STEIN**

JAPAN'S CIVILIZATION rests upon inexpensive foundations. The gay charm and beauty of Japanese social life do not, to any great extent, depend on wealth.

The chief materials of Japanese civilization are wood, bamboo, paper, straw, clay, colored cloth, plants, and flowers, all of which are relatively cheap.

The chief forms of Japanese civilization are ceremonial and patriarchal, nonindividualistic. That applies to the style of work as well as to personal relationships. Thousands of years of tradition have caused these forms to be taken for granted.

The gifts of civilization being attainable and its forms accepted by all but the very poorest, it follows that both are, in Japan, more widely spread among the masses than in any other country. What concerns us here is that a given unit of purchasing power represents probably more civilization in Japan than anywhere else in the world.

IN A WORKERS' STREET

IN JAPAN the workers' districts in a large city, in a small town, or in an industrialized village are very much alike. The low houses and the small shops are similar; space is limited within and without; electric light is one of the few modern amenities in general use. In the suburbs of large cities the rice fields are as near the workers' homes as they are in the villages. Though statistics show that about three fifths of the Japanese industrial population live in "urban districts," they all dwell in small, large, or vast village-like communities. Most of their houses are of wood. Stone and concrete buildings are not constructed in residential districts.

Gradually, broad main roads are being built through the maze of narrow, though clean, streets. This has been necessary as a safety measure in case of fire and because the traffic has increased. In these main roads are the larger shops, decorated with bright signs, flags, and streamers and brilliantly illuminated in many colors. Here also are the larger workshops, the cafés and restaurants, and often the schools, the cinemas, and the small police stations. These main roads bring to the old-world residential districts some of the amenities of modern Western life.

The narrow streets, where road and pavement are one, where men and women can be seen praying at temples and shrines in secluded gardens, are lined with small, two-storied wooden dwellings. The sliding gratings, which serve as windows and doors, have thin, wooden frames. Those opening out into the street are glazed, while white paper is pasted across those between the rooms. The houses, usually one-family dwellings, stand close together. At the back of some there are tiny gardens. These houses look attractive, though often they are neither healthy nor comfortable. Potted plants can be seen at many of the doors, but these, frequently ugly and stunted, reflect their owners' continuous struggle between poverty and a longing for beauty.

The Japanese workers live in these streets. Though they live the old, traditional life, they have been influenced by modern achievements of the West. Probably nowhere in the West are bicycles or radio sets more numerous. Nowhere do people read their newspapers more eagerly. And the numerous hairdressers, whose large American chairs seem out of place in these Oriental surroundings, are crowded from early morning until late at night.

But the women still wear kimonos, and the men wear cheap Western suits only for work, if at all. The temples and little shrines are as popular as are the inexpensive cinemas, featuring mainly historical Japanese films. During the day the women and children carry the babies tied to their backs; this duty is taken over

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by the men when they come home from their work in the evening and have taken a hot bath in one of the many public baths. Perhaps the Japanese workers bow less deeply before their neighbors than they did, but their hands still glide ceremonially down to their knees, and they bow when they meet. The respect shown the male head of a family, especially by the women, has not abated. The men, who spend the day at their machines, are dignified and contented masters in their own homes in the evening.

The lower classes in Japan have little privacy. The sliding doors of their homes and workshops are rarely closed; the shops are open, and people congregate in the streets. Within the family, consisting as most do of two generations, privacy is practically unknown. Whether the people like it or not, the family is merely a part of the larger community. People living in these districts are bound to each other by innumerable ties. One can see into the houses; no curtains hide the view, and many of the windows are unglazed. People can see each other at their meals, and, in the evening, when the older members of a family are still at work, one can see the children sleeping on the floor. On official cleaning days, which are supervised by the police, each family shifts every movable object from the house into the road. Then the mats from the floors, the few pieces of furniture, clothes and bedding, household utensils, stores, tools all are displayed to the public gaze.

The Workers' Shops

In these narrow streets the shops are close together. There are rice shops, with piles of straw-covered bundles, just as they arrive from the country. The rice flows in a glittering stream from modern polishing machines into tubs. Then there are tea shops and shops which sell only spices. Others sell dried fish or fish and fish cakes for special ceremonial use. There are shops for rice wine and bean products — paste and curd and sauce and sweets — and for curious pastries and sweets, often made on the premises. These shops are frequently forced to compete with the street vendors for the children's mites. In the fruit and vegetable shops the goods, usually divided up into set quantities, are displayed on the floor or on low racks. In the meat shops small portions are offered for sale on paper plates; and cackling chickens are displayed in baskets or cages. There are shops selling charcoal, packed in bales of rice straw and round little coal cakes made of the waste of charcoal and pit coal; others selling wooden footwear, material for kimonos, paper umbrellas; and others, again, selling bicycles, incandescent lamps, radio sets, clocks, and cheap jewelry.

The numerous stationery shops display high stacks of soft, letter-size paper. The thin, white qualities are carried in the kimono sleeve for use as a handkerchief, towel, or table napkin; the coarse, dark paper is used in the household. Even the poorest people choose the paper on which they write their letters with the greatest care.

In districts where many workers can barely afford the necessities of life, there are tobacco, drug, book, and flower shops. Men and women who do not buy these luxuries for themselves purchase them at least to give away, for gifts are an important item in Japanese budgets.

The quality of the goods in these shops differs radically from that of the articles sold in the large stores, and fewer Western commodities are displayed. But here, too, the variety of the stock is surprising.

All shops are more or less specialized. Statistics show that there are 74 different kinds. In Tokyo alone there are almost 170,000 shops, an average of 1 for 7 families. This does not include the innumerable workshops, which give the workers' streets the appearance of a business rather than a residential district.

A Different Proletariat

The distinction between the workers, the artisans, and the small traders is less pronounced in Japan than it is in the West. These groups are really one; and a proletariat in the Western sense, where most families are entirely dependent upon industrial employment, exists in only a few centers. As a rule the situation is still semicapitalistic, and the workers' living conditions are quite different from those in the West.

Some members of a family may be employed in a factory, others occupied in agriculture or in homework; or they may own a small workshop or a miniature shop. When all the members of a family with a little money to spare are employed, they often go into partnership

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with another family and open a small business. When the children are not working in the house and their small earnings are needed, they are given work by neighbors who carry on home industries or own small workshops or shops.

Household work, too, is woven into this mosaic of activities. A woman who is a good seamstress but who is not employed in a factory or does not sew for the geisha houses, often sews for her neighbor. Some working women earn money by teaching others the art of Japanese flower arrangements, and some of the men cultivate dwarf trees, pines, maples, and other plants not only for their own pleasure but on a business basis for their neighbors.

A man's hobby is sometimes almost as important as his regular occupation, which, as a rule, is not remunerative enough to support his family. The Japanese have a great capacity for work, and they are good businessmen. They like independence, and they are attracted by small capitalistic ventures in spite of increasing risks. The Japanese enjoy an occasional extravagance or speculation — both are national characteristics despite general thrift and modesty.

Should a little capital be needed to start a new venture, it is not hard to come by. The Japanese save money even on very small incomes, and, unlike other peoples, they do it not so much for safety in emergencies but in the hope of making some profitable investment. Forty million of the country's 65,000,000 inhabitants have post-office saving accounts, and the average deposit amounts to 68 yen. About 20,000,000 of the population are insured at the post office for an average sum of about 130 yen.

Another typically Japanese means of raising money is called *mujin:* the endless chain. Tens and hundreds of thousands of *mujin*, with an annual turnover of many hundreds of million yen, exist in Japan. It is probable that most families in the lower and the lower-middle classes belong to one of these *mujin*. Often they are large enterprises, under state supervision, but usually they are small, private organizations among groups of friends or acquaintances.

Here is an example: Twenty individuals arrange to pay 10 yen a month into a co-operative account for 2 years. This means that the honorary cashier receives 200 yen a month. The *mujin* members meet once a month. A lottery is organized 6 times a year, and there is a single prize in the shape of a loan of 200 yen on which no interest is charged. Moreover, 6 times a year an auction is organized. A loan is auctioned off which is to be redeemed at 200 yen, but the actual amount of which is determined by the bidding of those present at the auction. The successful bid, that is, the lowest, is sometimes very much below the nominal amount, and the difference represents the interest. A member can participate in only 1 such auction, and in the small *mujin* the sums left over at the end of the agreed period are distributed equally to all the members. The larger *mujin*, on the other hand, keep these remaining sums as a profit. Thus everyone who has taken no risks at the auction gets back the money he invested in the *mujin*, and every loan is gradually liquidated by the monthly payments of the borrowing member.

By this and other methods many Japanese save a greater proportion of their current incomes or spend or speculate more extravagantly than they can reasonably afford. They enjoy good food (meat when they can afford it) and they are very fond of sake (rice wine), but they willingly accept a mere subsistence standard of life in order to spend their savings on ceremonial acts, on investments, or on certain luxuries. The traditional wage system, whereby large portions of the annual wages are paid in the form of bonuses, encourages this tendency. Bonuses are usually paid at the New Year and in the middle of the year, at the time of the Feast of the Lanterns. Wage earners frequently spend their bonuses on luxurious entertainments or on splendid presents, unless they need the money for debts. And debts are important in Japan. The numerous pawnshops, as well as the prosperous usurers, whom it has been impossible to uproot, are symptomatic of the people's indebtedness.

Capitalistic enterprises, too, are stimulated by the prevailing system of wage payment. Unemployment insurance does not exist, and the dismissal fee, adjusted according to the period of past employment, enables many wage earners to become their own masters. It is typical of these conditions that the Tokyo Municipal Tramway Company in 1934 ended a strike by reducing wages and by formally dis-

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missing the workers, so that their dismissal fees were paid. Then the men were re-employed. With their dismissal fees, many tram conductors bought shares in taxis or small shops or workshops for members of their families.

All these factors indicate how fundamentally the Japanese proletariat differs from the workers in other countries. They prevent the rise of class consciousness — excepting perhaps among the ambitious lower-middle classes — and the life of Japanese wage earners is more interesting and satisfying, not despite but because of the risks involved in their mode of life.

The highly developed family system fundamentally differentiates the Japanese workers from the workers in the West. The family is responsible for social welfare, for old-age pensions, for unemployment insurance, etc. And in Japan the family assumes these duties as a matter of course, just as the state does in the West. The family — including all branches and generations — thus becomes what the individual is in the West: the ultimate unit in the state. Heads of families (and men in general) enjoy privileges which compensate them for certain social disadvantages in their relationships outside the family. A worker in his own home is the equal of his employer at the factory.

A Family of Eight

A young working woman told us about her household. She was kneeling on the floor before a bowl of glowing charcoal. Her baby was tied on her back, and she was rocking it gently. The woman was friendly but serious when she spoke. She had poise and she was not shy.

There are 8 in her family: her husband and herself; the baby and a little boy; her husband's older brother, sister, and mother; and the wife's younger sister. This family is typical of old-fashioned Japanese family units, which are being gradually replaced by smaller families after the Western custom.

The man, a highly skilled transport worker, now earns — after a marked wage reduction — 62 yen ($18.58) a month for a 9-hour working day. His sister, who is 22, works 11 hours a day at a petrol station and earns 25 yen ($7.50). His wife's sister, who works 11 hours a day in a hosiery workshop, earns only half as much, 12.50 yen ($3.75) a month. The man's mother is old, the brother is an invalid, and the young wife looks after the household. The income of this family, therefore, with 3 people at work, amounts to 99.50 yen ($30) a month.

Their rent is 21 yen ($6.25) a month. The house is drafty and small but clean and attractive. There are 2 floors, with 2 rooms on each. Together the rooms are 17 mats large. Each mat measures about 2 yards by 1. Each member of this family, like the workers in factory dormitories, has about the space taken up by 2 mats, and every room is used as a bedroom at

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night. During the day the bedding is kept in cupboards, and only a few objects are kept on the spotless mats: a low table on which there is a bottle of ink and a writing brush, a small alarm clock, and a few sewing tools. In the little heating bowl in the center of the main room, bits of charcoal glow continuously. A few kimonos hang on the bare walls. The small family shrine, a Japanese landscape, and some flowers are in a corner of the room. A few cushions are on the floor. An electric light is suspended from the ceiling. This light, the clock, and a bicycle in the passage are the only modern objects in this house.

The woman got tea for us. She untied the baby and placed it gently on the floor, for outside in the kitchen it is cold and drafty, and cots or perambulators are not used in Japan. She then brought in her little household account book. Every day she inscribes neatly what she has spent. The items are written in Chinese characters, the prices in Arabic figures. She also showed us the family wage envelopes, carefully tied together. Gradually we understood the family budget.

The quantity of rice needed by this family monthly — about 175 pounds, at 11 sen a pound — costs about 19 yen ($5.68). Counting the 2 children as 1 person, each person consumes on an average about 13 ounces of rice a day. Another 10 sen (3¢) a day is spent for other food: for the cheap but nourishing bean paste (*miso*), costing 2½¢ a pound, from which the breakfast soup is prepared by the addition of a little rice and tea or hot water; for vegetables (costing from 1¢ to 2¢ a pound) and ingredients needed for the rice dinner; for a little meat (4¢ to 8¢ a pound), pickles or sweetened potatoes, or bean curd (*tofu*), taken with the rice for the evening meal. A small proportion of this 10 sen a day is spent on various odds and ends.

The woman spends 3 or 4 yen (90¢ to $1.18) a month for the scanty heating arrangements (the room is never really warm in the winter), for electric light and the regular hot bath in the public baths, which usually costs 1 or 2 sen a person. A newspaper costs 1 yen (30¢) a month; the monthly magazine costs ½ yen (14¢); and occasionally a member of the family spends 10 sen (1¢) at the cinema.

The clothing of the entire family of 8 costs only 80 to 100 yen ($24 to $30) a year, but the housewife does not include these sums in her monthly budget, for they are paid from the annual bonus, which is about equal to a month's wages.

"We are poor because we are a large family," the woman said, "and we are not really contented, but the main point is that the children have everything they need."

The expenses of this family, however, absorb only about two thirds of its income: about 67 yen are spent (not counting clothing costs), which means that about 30 yen are left over.

"This sum is not included in the household budget," the woman told us. The family pays 12 yen a month on old debts and 20 yen into the *mujin*.

A Japanese family spends less on food than its counterpart in the West. There are 2 reasons for this: the average quantity of foodstuffs consumed by the Japanese is smaller, and the average quality of food per unit of weight consumed is inferior. The average daily amount of food consumed per head of the population is less than 3 pounds.

The wealthier classes in Japan naturally consume more than 3 pounds of food per day per head, and this 3-pound average might therefore imply that other groups of the population are living on a starvation level. And as the sections of the nation who live above that average, if not as numerous as in Western countries, are still very large, it might appear that undernourishment is very general in Japan. This is not the case, however, for actually Japan's food supplies are not quite as small as they seem. The weight of normal, healthy Japanese — men, women, and children — is about a fifth less than the weight of corresponding persons in the West, and their height is substantially smaller. The relative physiological food requirements depend upon the size and the weight of the body. This means that, from the employer's point of view, the Japanese worker, who needs less food, is cheaper than the Western wage earner, provided that productivity is the same.

(*An article by Mr. Stein on Japan's fight for foreign markets will appear in the December* FORUM. *These two papers are included in a book published in London by Methuen & Co., Ltd., and which will soon be published in the United States.*)

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Mickey vs. Popeye

by **WILLIAM DEMILLE**

WHENEVER THE motion-picture industry creates an outstanding piece of work like *David Copperfield*, it points with pride to the wonderful effect this picture will have upon the youth of the country.

When the same industry puts forth a gangster story, it takes great pains to explain that the youth of the country is in no way affected by what it sees on the screen; that the portrayal of vice and crime can act only as a warning to little would-be murderers and racketeers; and that by producing these pictures in sufficient volume the cumulative effect upon the younger generation will be to disgust it with all criminal activities, through sheer boredom.

Thus, to the studious observer, the general effect of feature pictures upon our young remains in a state of academic obscurity.

But the animated cartoons give a surer indication of how our future citizens react to life's values once they are divorced from tedious reality. In the cartoons we find supernature in the raw, and it is even less mild than nature under the same conditions.

A vote was taken recently among schoolchildren of the United States, to decide which of the well-known cartoon characters was the most popular. The ordinary adult would say at once that Mickey Mouse, the "little friend of all the world," would win in a walk. But the election went otherwise.

Popeye, the Sailor Man, carried many States by safe majorities, and, while the balloting as a whole was close, it is probable that Popeye has carried the country by a small number of votes.

This is amazing and revolutionary.

Do the kids want a new deal in their two-dimensional heroes? Must the gentle altruism of Mickey bow to the rugged individualism of Popeye?

There have always been two schools of juvenile thought in the land — the party of the Right, based upon the firm rectitude and irreproachable philosophy of Sanford and Merton and the various examples of youthful perfection as drawn by Horatio Alger, and the party of the Left, whose ideals are founded upon the more violent careers of Nick Carter and Jesse James. Under the drive of modern progress and world mechanization, each of these schools has evolved its screen symbol: Mickey, a veritable Sir Galahad, polished, courteous, unselfish, and full of a great desire to help the world; Popeye, sinister, self-assertive, worshiping strength rather than justice, determined to dominate rather than to help.

Should Popeye commit an uncouth act, which he does frequently, he excuses it by the nearest approach to an apology he can find in his nature — "I yam what I yam, and that's all I yam."

It is saddening to see Popeye, like a Hun from the north, threatening the more cultured supremacy of Mickey, Minnie, and the intelligent and devoted Pluto.

That Popeye and his ever-present companion, Olive Oyle, should be accepted as Mickey's and Minnie's equals indicates a definite degeneration of domestic ideals.

Mickey, the devoted husband, the generous provider, Minnie's infallible refuge in times of storm and strife, and Minnie, the faithful helpmate, presumably the fond mother of those hundreds of little mice who from time to time form part of this joyous household — these two stand for the integrity of the American home.

Nothing less than violent abduction causes Minnie to notice any male but her own; no blandishment or seductive female charm ever lures Mickey to forget for one instant the sanctity of his hymeneal vows. Their relationship forms an inspiring picture of perfect matrimonial union which cannot help encouraging those children who attend the theater after witnessing an unpleasant tiff at

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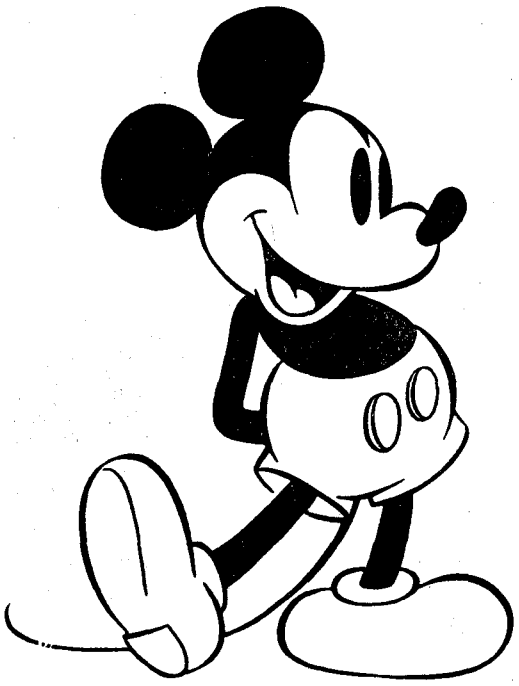

Courtesy Walt Disney Enterprises

Courtesy King Features Syndicate

the breakfast table between dear Papa and darling Mamma.

What are we to think, then, when we find young America accepting with equal gusto the vague and somewhat equivocal relationship between Popeye and his not-so-charming Olive Oyle? There is certainly no indication that they are legally wedded. On the other hand there is no suggestion that they are living in sin. They remain perpetually *in statu quo*, a sort of permanent engagement without the object of matrimony. Popeye's treatment of his girl friend is not only extremely boisterous but at times positively rude. Such gestures of affection as they indulge in are distinctly anatomical rather than spiritual. It may be that their remarkable powers of recuperation from physical shock would make a less strenuous gesture inadequate to express their true feelings.

Altruist and Individualist

In physical type Popeye and Mickey and their respective companions represent two distinct schools of aesthetics: Mickey's voice gentle, childlike, charming; Popeye's rough, raw, and raucous, with a suggestion of salt air blown through adenoids. Mickey's graceful movements and his long and expressive tail are poetry, whereas Popeye's movements are uncouth, jerky, expressive of power without beauty.

Mickey's whole life suggests the beloved Don Quixote, with Minnie as the fair Dulcinea and good old Pluto fulfilling the duties of Sancho Panza. Popeye, on the contrary, is more like Captain William Kidd, taking his own or anyone else's where he finds it and being not so much interested in righting the wrongs of the world as in seeing to it that the world takes no advantage of him.

Strange that two such contrasting figures should divide the affections of our children. The idealized mouse and the human figure which falls so far short of Grecian standards of beauty; the lovely, fascinating tail of Mickey against the hideous but terribly powerful forearms of Popeye. When Mickey smiles we feel that the sun is shining and all the little birds are singing. Popeye's infrequent grin is that of the absolute sensualist.

One quality they have in common, and it may be that in this lies the secret of their influence over the youngsters. That quality is courage. No two heroes since the world began have so frequently dared the impossible as these two. By all the laws of nature and man the two have died a thousand deaths; but Mickey's ingenuity and Popeye's remarkable anatomical construction have always brought them through unscathed. In this respect Popeye has one great advantage over Mickey. That advantage is spinach.

It is the one practical lesson in living that Popeye has to offer his admirers. When the youthful but prehensile mind comprehends the amazing effects that a few mouthfuls of spinach

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can achieve in deciding the outcome of a major battle, it undoubtedly eases the lot of millions of American mothers who find difficulty in persuading recalcitrant offspring that the homely vegetable is a desirable food.

To be fair to Popeye, it must not be thought that he is not always willing to fight for his Olive. He is fond of his own and ready to protect the weak; but he fights for her because she *is* his own; he is protecting his property, not rescuing a loved one; and when he comes to the aid of strangers in distress we cannot help thinking that he is reveling in his own prowess rather than feeling the glow of civic virtue which comes from doing justice.

These two strange figures, Mickey and Popeye, products of a humorous but desperate age, have won the hearts of those to whom we will, tomorrow, turn over the country. What is their secret? Probably power.

They both achieve. Each in his own way strives to solve the world's problems. It will be interesting to see which will dominate the future thought.

As Mr. Gilbert once remarked:

> Every boy and every gal
> Who's born into this world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

So the Mickey Mousians of today will be the New Dealers of tomorrow, whereas the Popeyesians will breed a race of Fascists.

The Right to Die—I

by CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

The country's newspapers carried last August the story of Mrs. Gilman's suicide and the courageous note she left to justify her act, facing death from an incurable disease. The manuscript of this article, in defense of the "mercy slaying," she left with her agent, requesting that it be published after her death. The Editor is glad to present her arguments.

SHOULD AN INCURABLE invalid, suffering constant pain and begging for a quicker, easier death, be granted that mercy?

Should a hopeless idiot, lunatic, or helpless paretic be laboriously kept alive?

Should certain grades of criminals be painlessly removed — or cruelly condemned to the cumulative evil of imprisonment?

Is suicide sometimes quite justifiable?

We have changed our minds more than once on these matters and are in process of changing them again. On the above questions, asked a hundred or even fifty years ago, there would have been scant discussion. Humans were mainly agreed that certain criminals deserved death, that suicide was a sin, and that agonized invalids and healthy idiots were to be cherished carefully.

The influence of the Christian religion has done much to establish a sort of dogma of the "sanctity of human life," but the ancient religions of India went further, holding all life sacred, to such an extent that the pious Jain sweeps the path before him lest he step on a worm.

What is the "sanctity of human life"? Why is it sacred? How is it sacred? When is it sacred?

Is it sacred where we lavishly reproduce it, without thought or purpose? While it is going on? Or only when it is about to end?

Our mental attics are full of old ideas and emotions, which we preserve sentimentally but

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never examine. The advance of the world's thought is promoted by those whose vigorous minds seize upon inert doctrines and passive convictions and shake them into life or into tatters. This theory that suicide is a sin is being so shaken today.

Why has not a man the right to take his own life? Shaw, the inveterate shaker of old ideas, says that his own life is the only one a man has a right to take.

Against this apparently natural right stand two assumptions, one that it is cowardly, the other that it is a sin. The brave man is supposed to endure long, hopeless agony to the bitter end, as an exhibition of courage; the moral man similarly to bear incurable suffering, because to shorten his torment would be wrong.

How much more reasonable is the spirit of the sturdy old country doctor who was found dead in his bed, with a revolver by his side and the brief note, "There's no damn cancer going to get ahead of me!"

Why it should please God to have a harmless victim suffer prolonged agony was never made clear; but those who so thought also assumed that whatever happened was God's will, that He was afflicting us for some wise purpose of His own and did not like to be thwarted, balked in his plan of punishment so to speak. Astonishing calumnies have been believed of God.

There is a pleasant tale of an ingenious person, captive of savages and obliged to watch the horrors of his comrades' dreadful deaths. When his turn came, he told the credulous natives that he knew of an herb which, when rubbed upon the skin, rendered it impervious to any weapon and which he would show them if they would spare him.

So they accompanied him here and there in the forest, till he picked a certain rare plant, which he rubbed well on the side of his neck. Then he laid his head on a log and told them to strike as hard as they liked. Down came the ax, and off went a grinning ghost, enjoying their discomfiture — at least it is pleasant to think so. At any rate he was not tortured. But he had lied, to be sure, and practically committed suicide. Was it sin?

Suicide was a gentleman's exit in ancient Rome, as it is yet in the Orient. It must have been too popular in the misery of the Dark Ages, for a discerning church soon decided that it was extremely wrong. It was a difficult offense to penalize, the offender having escaped, so they punished the corpse, burying it with a stake through the body, at a crossroads, that, instead of enjoying seclusion and consecrated ground, it might be trampled over by all who passed.

II

A VERY SPECIAL damnation having been provided for such rebellious souls, suicide fell into disrepute. It is now becoming popular again, not merely as a justifiable escape from an unbearable position but as a hopeful experiment for discouraged youth. And no more pathetic instance of the blind groping of such religionless young people could be asked. They no longer believe in the kind of God worshiped by their ancestors, not in "His canon 'gainst self-slaughter." They quite repudiate the earlier moral sense and have not yet succeeded in evolving any satisfactory substitute.

It might be advanced, as consolation in these too-frequent tragedies, that minds so word-befuddled would not in all probability have been of much service to the world had they survived; but such harsh criticism fails to estimate the capacity for suffering which belongs to youth.

As with most moral questions, the confusion lies in our outdated sense of individuality, our failure to recognize social responsibility. Youth is, of course, naturally egotistical, and in home, school, church, and ordinary contact little is done to develop social consciousness.

That an individual's life, growth, and happiness are dependent on interrelation with other people and that each of us owes to others the best service of a lifetime is not accepted by those who back out of life because it hurts. Such premature and ill-based suicide is timid, feeble, foolish, and, in respect to social responsibility, dishonorable. It is desertion, not in the face of the enemy but before imagined enemies.

On the other hand, military law forbids the attempt to hold an indefensible position. There are times when surrender is quite justifiable. If men or women are beyond usefulness, feel that they are of no service or comfort to any one but a heavy burden and expense, and, above all, if they suffer hopelessly, they have a right to leave.

But, while we are beginning to open the door

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for a man to take his own life with good reason, we are trying to close it upon the right of society to take the life of a criminal. The opponents of capital punishment rest their arguments largely on the alleged sanctity of human life and further on the fact that the severe and cruel penalties of earlier times did not prevent crime.

This sudden application of sanctity to man at the point of death, a life neglected and corrupted from babyhood, is unconvincing. It is true that severe punishment does not prevent crime, but neither does light punishment or no punishment at all. Can we prevent crime after it has been committed? The prevention must begin with birth, must ensure the best conditions for growth and education, for rightly chosen employment, for rest and recreation.

But, unfortunately, criminals sometimes appear from families of the enlightened and well-to-do, cases of atavism, primitive characters breaking out into the modern world most mischievously. And, furthermore, society is open to many kinds of perversion and disease.

Since we have criminals, engaged in transmitting and increasing evil, what are we to do with them? The most tenderly sentimental would hardly suggest leaving them at large.

To remove such a diseased character as this is not an act of "punishment"; it is social surgery, the prompt excision of the affected part. Those who call death cruel and urge imprisonment instead do not realize the greater cruelty and cumulative danger of confinement.

Much of vice and crime is distinctly infectious. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and no antitoxin has been found to prevent that corruption. We may call our prisons isolation hospitals if we like, but if the prisoner is really isolated he goes mad — no punishment is so cruel as solitary confinement. Not being isolated, the prisoners infect and reinfect one another. The cumulative influence of these carefully maintained collections of diseased characters affects not only the prisoners but those who restrain them. It is held by some that the care of the helpless develops noble qualities in those who tend them. These theorists have failed to study the effect of such activity on warders, keepers, guards, and those who wait on and serve utter idiots and maniacs.

III

The elimination of diseased parts from our body politic should not be discussed as punishment but as an operation on the social body. One does not either "forgive" or "punish" an inflamed appendix but one does cut it out.

The same position may be taken in regard to the incurable idiot or maniac. If, to the best of our present knowledge, such cases are hopeless, why should we isolate and preserve the affected parts? Why should we not painlessly remove them? Affection, gratitude for previous services may be urged, but this attitude is based on the assumption that it is some pleasure or advantage to the ruined minds to live thus ignominiously.

Here is a case of a fine woman who has lived a good and fruitful life. She is affected with a progressive mental disorder, and for fifteen years two daughters are sacrificed to the unfruitful service of increasing idiocy, their lives crippled, wrecked.

But she is their mother, she has loved and served them, we protest. Yes, and what would any mother feel, if she could know it, to realize that she who loved them was now the means of slowly ruining her children?

In another instance we see a man once strong and intellectual, eminent in scholarship, honorable in service to society, now a paretic. Slowly he fails in physical and mental power, reaching the condition of a gross baby, a huge, brainless baby lying like a log in an unclean bed, while nurse and doctor wait for him — for it — to die. What is sacred in that dreadful ignominy? When intelligent consciousness is gone forever, the man is gone, and the body should be decently removed.

The record of a previously noble life is precisely what makes it sheer insult to allow death in pitiful degradation. We may not wish to "die with our boots on" but we may well prefer to die with our brains on.

In New York, some years ago, an elderly woman was suffering from a complication of diseases; recovery was impossible; she knew that she must die; and her constant and terrible pain was such that she begged piteously for release. She was attended by a devoted daughter and by a trained nurse, a sturdy Nova Scotian, rigidly religious.

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The patient died somewhat sooner than was expected by the physician. The nurse testified that she had seen the daughter put something in her mother's drinking glass. Careful inquiry ascertained that there was no inheritance to offer a "motive" for murder and that this mother and daughter had been attached and congenial friends, wholly devoted to each other. The inquest ignored the nurse's testimony, and no charge, fortunately, was brought against the daughter.

More recently, in England, a man whose beloved little girl was in constant suffering from an incurable disease, after long daily and nightly care and tender nursing, relieved the child's agony with a quick death. The judge, in charging the jury, pointed out how long and lovingly the poor father had nursed his child and urged upon them that, if he had allowed a dog in his possession to so linger in pain, he would have been liable to punishment for cruelty. The prisoner, and rightly, was not convicted.

IV

Practical Germany has discussed a law allowing physicians to administer euthanasia in certain cases. It was not passed, the two principal objections being the chance of a safe variety of murder and the effect of the patient's loss of confidence in his physician. That confidence is a valuable asset in the cure of disease. If a sick man felt that, if his doctor decided he could not recover, anesthesia would be promptly administered, it would certainly add fear to his other difficulties and jeopardize his chance of life.

No such power should be left to any individual, physician or other, though it might be advanced that no doctor would voluntarily shorten his "case." Too many mistakes in diagnosis have been made, too many patients have been given up to die and rebelliously recovered, to permit of any one man governing such a decision.

But suitable legal methods may be devised by a civilized society. When the sufferer begs for release or when the mind is gone and the body going, as in a case where intestinal cancer is accompanied by senile dementia and when the attending physician gives his opinion that there is no hope, then an application to the Board of Health should be made.

That Board should promptly appoint a consulting committee, varying from case to case, to avoid possible collusion and including a lawyer as well as doctors (for inquiry should be made in regard to possible motives for the sufferer's death, among members of the family, and in regard to their attitude toward the patient.

If this committee recommends euthanasia, the Board of Health should issue a permit, and merciful sleep end hopeless misery. What rational objection can anyone make to such procedure?

There is the suggestion that sometimes doctors are all mistaken, and recovery is made after life has been despaired of. That is of course true.

There might be a small percentage of error, even with careful consulting assistance. This error is present in all matters involving the human equation. It is too small to weigh equally with the mass of misery to be relieved. And it does not apply at all to those still able to decide for themselves.

Our love, our care, our vivid sympathy with human life should be applied most strongly at the other end. With eugenics and euthenics, care and education from infancy, better living conditions for everyone, all that can be done to safeguard and improve human life we should do as a matter of course.

But the dragging weight of the grossly unfit and dangerous could be lightened, with great advantage to the normal and progressive. The millions spent in restraining and maintaining social detritus should be available for the safeguarding and improving of better lives.

Instead of being hardened by such measures of release, we shall develop a refinement of tenderness which will shrink with horror at the thought of the suffering and waste we now calmly endure. Death is not an evil when it comes in the course of nature, and when it is administered legitimately it is far less than the evil of unnecessary anguish.

(Wishing to carry out Charlotte Gilman's eloquent plea for a more enlightened attitude toward euthanasia, the Editor has asked two prominent physicians to debate the question in the December Forum. *Important papers by well-known writers will continue the discussion in subsequent issues.)*

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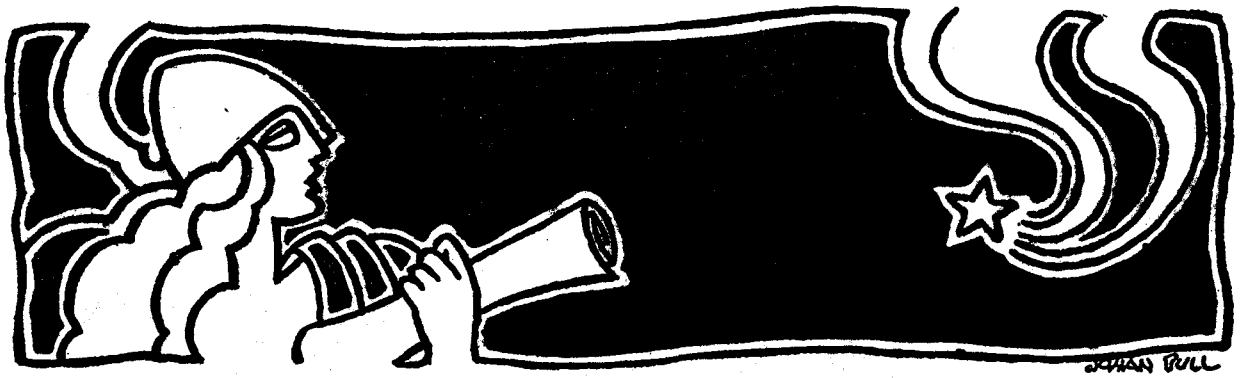
Sex and Achievement



by **MARGARET MEAD**

In the long contentions which have waged for the last three generations over the breakfast tables of two continents, as to the relative innate capacity of the two sexes to achieve, the final brick which permitted the man to retire victorious behind the one newspaper and left the woman drumming her fingers disconcertedly was his scornful "Even the best *cooks* are men!" — sometimes varied to "Even the best *dressmakers* are men!"

As long as the argument had ranged through the arts and sciences, the advocate of feminine abilities had had an easier task. "Women haven't been in the arts long enough," she would answer, hoping that he would refrain from bringing up that point about how excellent women were in the *interpretative* arts, although they had been allowed to practice them little longer. But when it came to cooking and dressmaking, those activities which she and her critical husband felt to be exclusively feminine (not realizing that there are peoples among whom the husband proudly weaves his wife's wedding clothes and people by whom women are regarded as too profane to approach the important mysteries of cooking), here was a dilemma. Her sulkiness, her scattered, unorganized denials, her scurrying hither and thither for cover proclaimed that, in her mind as well as in his, her battle was lost. Gifted women there might be, but, as long as men could better women in women's own fields, there must be something in the argument that men are superior to women, not only in strength, in endurance, in freedom from the periodic and time-consuming onus of their reproductivity but in innate capacity to achieve.

And then one day, disconsolately murmuring over the old indictment, she unconsciously paraphrased it, "Even the best *chefs* are men," and sat bolt upright in excitement. There was the answer! It was not as cooks but as *public* cooks, professional cooks, cooks in charge of large kitchens with armies of assistants, cooks who worked in great public houses, that men excelled. This was true also of the dressmakers and milliners. It was as heads of the great establishments on the Rue de la Paix that the men excelled the women. The best chefs, the best *couturiers!* All this meant was that women had failed, here as elsewhere, in invading man's field, not that men had outdistanced women even in their own field of private life, private cooking and private dressmaking. Women simply had not done better than men in the great hotel kitchen and the great competitive dressmaking field.

Her mind paused over the word "compete." Was this another clue? Why must women not compete with men, and what was the penalty for doing so?

The answer was simple. To compete with men in their own field was unwomanly, just as, (come to think of it) to abstain from competing with men in their own field of public and money-making achievement was, for a man, unmanly. The competitive fields, in which one individual was pitted against another in terms of public success — these belonged to men.

This was so — although she did not know it — among all the peoples of the world. One

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could find peoples among whom men wove or made bark cloth or cooked or played with babies; among whom women built the houses or climbed the tallest coconut palms or did all the fishing. One could find peoples of whom an outsider would say that the work of the women, in basketry or pottery or textiles, was the only enduring and beautiful thing, peoples among whom an outsider would pass over as negligible the exclusively male activities, of rabbit hunting or crocheting tiny costumes for doll-like idols. It did not matter; within that society it was the men's occupations which were regarded, by both men and women, as dignified and important, as achievement. To succeed in those fields, defined as masculine, whether it were bear hunting or painting with colors, made a male a man and a female less of a woman.

Sex Membership

The human child, born into a world which regards sex as the most important difference between human beings, wants very much to belong to its own sex, for only so can he or she attain full membership in the human race. A person without full sex membership is worse off than a man without a country.

Nor do human societies believe that mere possession of the appropriate anatomy is enough to ensure membership in the right sex. If this were so, we would not find so much anxiety, so many rituals — cutting the girl's umbilical cord on her yam masher, cutting the boy's on a war club, or sealing the boy's cord up in a pot to ensure him a harsh, deep voice. There is always the chance that the girl may not take to her feminine role, that the boy may not show the hardy, virile character which will proclaim him a man. And the fear of each generation of parents, expressed in ritual, in costume, in admonitions, infects the child with fear: "If I play with dolls, I won't be a man." "If I want to shoot with a gun I won't be a woman." Fear of being disenfranchised stands at the elbow of every growing boy and girl.

As the boy grows older, he learns that it is not so much playing with dolls which he must avoid as playing baseball and football which he must cultivate. No one will commend him and pronounce him a *real boy* for the things which he abstains from doing. They watch anxiously for signs of positive achievement in the fields of decreed masculine activity. He can neglect the avoidances which were necessary when he was smaller and still longed to play with dolls and hide behind his mother's skirts just in proportion to the skill and enthusiasm with which he wields a baseball bat.

In most historical discussions of sex differences it has been assumed that the little girl learned the same kind of lesson, that she learned that, if she directed enough attention toward dolls, toward daintiness, toward feminine shrinking and fluttering, she too would be safe.

But this is only half the story, and it is the other half which is the more significant. For the boy, as he grows older, the emphasis upon avoiding feminine occupations grows less, until, as the proud captain of the winning eleven he can even hold a baby in his arms and so proclaim his masculinity. For the girl the exact opposite occurs. Her main task is not to achieve in the feminine field but to *avoid achieving* in the masculine. While the boy is merely required to document his masculinity, the girl is required to prove both that she *is* feminine, and that she is *not* masculine, that she will not try to achieve success in any masculine field.

A typical example is the Eskimo woman, forced in her husband's absence to build a snowhouse to shelter her family from a sudden storm. She can build a snowhouse, but it is unwomanly to do so. Afraid that her skill will be held against her, she chatters disarmingly as she works and, when her husband returns and asks who has built the house, she answers: "Just an attempt of a simple woman to put a few blocks together." With such cautious phrases has her formal, many-thousand-years' old culture equipped her to protect her femininity in the moment of achievement.

So the boy is taught to achieve, the girl to prove that she doesn't achieve, will never achieve. The same threat hangs over the unachieving boy and the achieving girl, the threat that he or she will never be chosen by a member of the opposite sex.

But for the small boy the opprobrium of being called a sissy comes early and is usually over; for the girl, the kindness with which the little tomboy is received by boys who have not yet learned to distrust achievement in a girl is a poor preparation for what will come later. For, if she is to be a loved object, the kind of

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girl whom men will woo and boast of, toast and marry, she must learn to prove that she is a nonachieving human being.

The Danger of Success

This need to document a lack of achievement is increasing as the special economic role of women within the home decreases with the progress of invention. In the past, while she flutteringly denied any desire to enter a man's field, she could occupy her energies in the domestic field, where she was still permitted positive, solid achievement. But today a man no longer asks that his wife bake bread or hem his shirts; he does ask that she be feminine, which means that, if she does work, out in the world, it must be work which is of a subordinate, routine, badly paid, "feminine" type. The majority of men do not wish to boast that their girls carry motorcycle nuts in their pockets or have ten men under them in the office.

The exceptions, the husbands of successful female innkeepers or female camp directors, serve only to point the moral harder. For who, asks the growing girl, searching anxiously for clues to success in love, wants to be loved by men who have taken their own role so faintheartedly that they are glad to have their wives better them in their own fields?

We may now look again at the field of the interpretative arts, of dancing, acting, singing, in which women have achieved such notable success, fully on a par with men, that their achievement in these fields has even been used to redocument their peculiar feminine incapacities. And we find that here is a field in which the gifted girl can achieve, can attain an outstanding success, and remain an object of love.

Is it not then self-evident? In those fields in which women have succeeded equally with men, it is because they have been able to attain success without denying their human heritage, their right to the love of a member of the opposite sex, to marriage and to children. Every woman who enters a field where this is not so, where in proportion as she is successful she will be voted unwomanly and so remain unwooed, works under a handicap, a handicap of paralyzing fear.

The remarkable matter is not that there have been so few successful women in masculine fields but that there have been as many as there have been, that so many women have been gifted enough to carry this double load. For a woman to succeed in a field defined as male, she must not only compete with men in a difficult and exacting occupation but work under the knowledge that with every success she gains, as a lawyer or a businesswoman, she loses, as a woman, her chance for the kind of love she wants. With every step which a man takes towards success, he also takes a step towards personal happiness: he proclaims himself the more a man, the more desirable as a lover and husband. He steps forward as an achieving individual and forward as a human being. But, for each step which the woman takes in one capacity, she must take a step back in the other. Either she proclaims herself a woman and therefore less an achieving individual or an achieving individual and therefore less a woman.

"My husband is a famous chef. He works at the Ritz." Many a woman would be delighted to make this boast, but who among her brothers would answer with equal pride, "My wife is the chef at the Waldorf"?

Until this dilemma, this identification of achievement and masculinity, is resolved, the world will be able to use only half of its gifted, and always the best chefs will be men.

Believing

Believing is the sunlight on the field.
It is the freshet in the rocky bed,
By scattered clouds and rising rainbows fed.
There is no barren stretch but what will yield
Some loveliness, when by believing healed.
The snowdrop's slip is by believing led
To creep aloft, though cold lies overhead.
Believing is the bud by bark revealed.
And he who offers doubt belief, brings day
Where night has been. For doves, with wings cool-hued,
Could sweep that fever-fested dark away
No surer then his calm words' aptitude.
But he who would believing's breath betray,
Speaks talon-tearing words forever rued!

Sonia Ruthèle Novák

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Up to Meet the Sunrise

by **WILLIAM H. WENSTROM**

FIVE O'CLOCK in the morning, and over there in Washington the dim Capitol dome slumbers under a black sky pricked with bright stars. South of the city, at the Naval Air Station, a high-altitude airplane is ready for flight.

SU1–8872, a trim little biplane with fuselage of gleaming metal and wings of silvered fabric, used to be a respectable Navy scout before she got mixed up with this aerological business. Now, more often than not, her hangar is brightly lighted in the small hours. This black winter morning is no exception.

Men are wheeling her out into the dark cold. They spin her inertia starter. Her motor sputters, coughs protestingly over its inhalation of chill air, and begins to rumble steadily, pouring blue flames out of the exhausts. Her tail shivers a little under the cold blast from her prop.

Like a disciplined cavalry horse, *'72* knows from experience that her reluctance is vain before the call of duty. And she is not alone in her early adventure. At other airports scattered over the nation, other planes are poised ready for flight — eight from the Army, seven from the Navy, and seven hired by the Weather Bureau. Every morning at this hour, storms permitting, these sounding ships climb into the starry depths, carrying small aerographs that record pressure, temperature, and humidity. The instrumental records, in turn, are converted by meteorologists into such recondite entities as "potential temperature" and "specific humidity," essential in the modern technique of physical weather forecasting.

Now *'72* is ready to go; and we are ready, too, clad in heavy winter flying equipment and parachutes.

Orion and all the lesser constellations are bright in the black sky; the moon, nearly new, hangs high in the east, a ball of dim purple enclosed by a ring of bright gold. We are out on the dark field, surrounded by steady boundary lights. Now the floodlights are on, the motor roars, and *'72* is racing across the frosted field that sparkles blue-white in the glare. She climbs smoothly, over the gleaming black river bordered with calm lights, over lamplit streets, banking easily the while in a wide turn.

Now she noses down sharply toward the sectors of white light on the dark field, gliding silently. Her wheels touch, the motor roars again, and again she climbs over the boundary lights and the black river, this time bound for the stars. That thousand-foot swoop was all for the benefit of the aerograph (that little aluminum cigar-box suspended between the right wing struts), which has to get oriented before it can start recording pressure, temperature, and humidity.

II

AS WE CLIMB, the horizon widens, suffused by the first, faint foreglow of dawn. Below, Washington is a million twinkling jewels set in geometrical patterns of integrated and exquisite beauty on a background of black velvet. Airway course beacons are winking on the dark earth, out toward all the horizons. *'72's* blunt nose is pointed now north, now south, but always upward, as the blue flames pour from her exhausts and the motor sings its steady song. And, as she steadily climbs, the dawn keeps flooding steadily out of the east, cold, white radiance over an horizon rimmed with faint rose, fading to pale blue above, where the moon is a ball of violet in its crescent of thin gold.

Gradually the radiance brightens as *'72* ascends an invisible celestial slope, until her burnished struts are aglow with soft light. But the dim earth is still lost in darkness, black turning to dull gray. Unbelievably, it seems warmer. Strange and fascinating are the tem-

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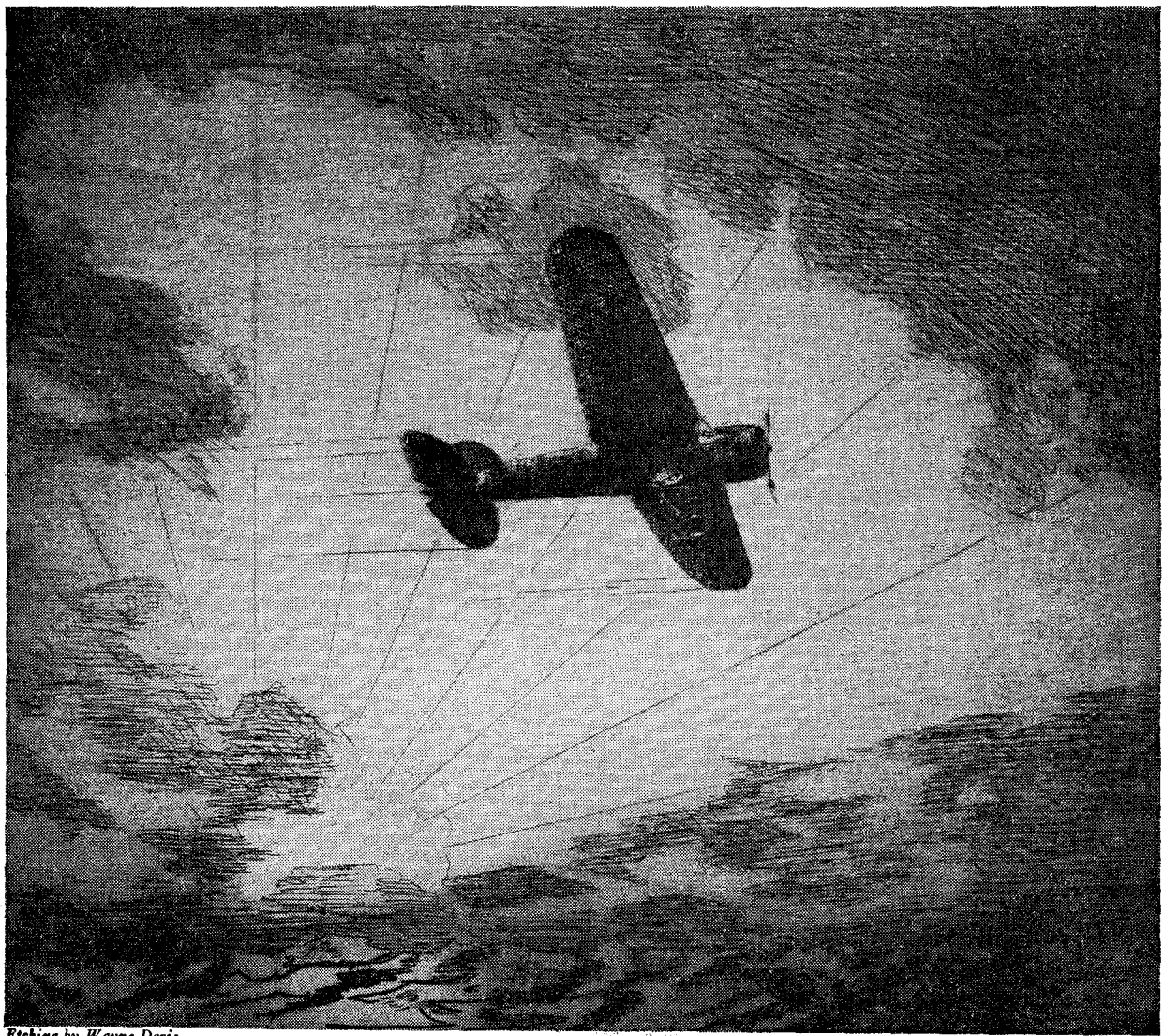

Etching by Wayne Davis

Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries

perature variations in our great atmospheric ocean. People are sleeping this morning in freezing weather on the ground, while up here, seven thousand feet above them, it is springtime!

The dawn is ever brighter, the moon a thin crescent of silver above it, the distant ground a less-dark gray, on which lead-colored bays and rivers begin to appear. The lights of Washington now are a great irregular pattern of gold threads on gray wool. Up here, space is a dim, silent void waiting to take form, hesitant between chaos and creation. *'72* is bathed in the pale radiance that trembles through this void, and her struts and wings gleam with reflected tints of blue-white and rose.

The unconcerned little aerograph box bounces around superciliously in its rubber-cord suspension between the wing struts. It doesn't see the splendid sunrise or the jeweled earth patterns — or care. It represents Technology. All it knows is: *pressure 800 mb, temperature 2°C, humidity 44%*, and it keeps ruminating, in its dull little mechanical brain, with admirable concentration on these entities and nothing else, setting them down meticulously on the chart.

'72 comes from Technology, also, and was born, so to speak, in a wind tunnel. But in the gentle lift of her wings, the clean sweep of her fuselage, and the easy curves of her flight, there is also a world of Art. She is a machine whose heart beats out four hundred horsepower converted from burning gasoline; yet, with her delicacy and responsiveness, her graceful, sweeping progress, she is something of a woman — or a feminine bird.

Ten thousand feet, and I turn a valve below my seat, feeding oxygen to the pilot. (If the observer faints, it doesn't matter.) It is getting colder. Below, the varied ground patterns begin to stand out in harsher contrast, yellow and black and gray. The Potomac, turning the

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color of new lead, winds down in looping curves from the western mountains, and its widening flow can be followed seventy miles southward to where it empties into Chesapeake Bay. The great bay itself, in full view from its northern head to its southern outlet, reveals all the innumerable points and coves along its western shore. Beyond the bay is the dark loom of land, and beyond that — but wait. Washington, now, is merely a gray relief map out of an atlas.

Up here at two miles and a half it is getting colder in earnest and hard to breathe in the bargain. Exertion of any kind, in this thinning air, is difficult. Even *'72*, vibrating with power, is climbing slowly and still more slowly.

The domed shadow of the earth on its outer atmosphere, cold, greenish-bluish gray below warm rose, is sinking steadily in the western sky. The moon above has paled to a thin, silver crescent. The east is a flood of bright orange, shot with radial white sunrays from below the horizon, and golden plumes along the remote cirrus proclaim the Sun God's inexorable approach.

III

Fifteen thousand feet, and we meet the sunrise! Suddenly Sol is above the horizon, a great yellow blaze, a blinding disk too august for mortal eyes, pure radiance in which *'72's* bright metalwork sparkles and flames. (But, three dim miles below, the flat earth is still lost in gray shadow.) As we bank and turn in this rare new world of flooding sunlight, even the aerograph box gleams scarlet, catching a bit of poetry from the dawn.

Within a few years, perhaps, radio balloons may carry smaller boxes aloft, sending the upper atmosphere's pressure, temperature, and humidity back to ground receiving stations. Then pilots and observers will miss this chance to see the splendors of a high-altitude sunrise. (There are other, dimmer dawns, though, that flying men will be glad enough to miss — dawns when the ship pokes blindly upward through lowering clouds and opaque mist, falters along with ice forming on the wings, comes down perilously out of a low ceiling, perhaps far out to sea in a westerly gale.)

But this dawn is pure glory, with Sol shooting bright sunbeams at us as *'72* fights for altitude. Her blunt nose is still pointed aspiringly upward toward a luminous sky of intense blue, but her path is almost horizontal, and the altimeter needle scarcely moves. It is bitter cold. We have sounded through springtime into harsh midwinter. Every breath is an effort.

Sixteen thousand feet! The earth and its waters are outspread at our feet. Chesapeake Bay resembles a narrow lake, barred across by the bright sunpath. Beyond it is a dark strip of unimpressive width, merely part of Maryland and all of Delaware. And beyond that, a hundred and twenty miles away, is the near shore of the Atlantic, whose restless waves are visibly afire in the blinding sunpath, far out to the haze-dimmed horizon!

The motor's dull roar dies to a soft rushing sound, as *'72* points her nose thankfully downward toward the dark, gray earth, just beginning to be touched by level sunrays. Here and there on the flat surface ridiculous little trains are spinning long ropes of smoke. Thick ground fog rolls in billows along the curves of the river.

Buildings and monuments of beautiful Washington gleam white as alabaster in the sunrise. *'72's* nose points steeply downward as she dives for the wakening world below.

Ten thousand feet, and time to turn off the pilot's oxygen. *'72* is rolling happily from side to side now, like a hungry horse bound for the stables, as the wind whistles softly through her struts and wires. She knows she is headed for the comfortable ground and her warm hangar. She is dropping so fast that we must swallow hard and often to keep terrific pressure pains out of our ears.

Now the pilot is throwing *'72* around in steep, diving turns. Expanding, relief-map Washington appears first over her nose, then over one wing, then over the other. (If you don't keep swallowing, an eardrum may collapse.) We are still plummeting downward.

A last, wide turn, swooping over the fog-bound river, and we are landing on the misty field. Down from sixteen thousand feet in nine minutes: that is equivalent to falling steadily at twenty miles an hour. And something has happened to the sunrise. Surely, the sun seemed higher up aloft. Our descent has been so rapid that we have gone Joshua one better; the sun not only stood still but went temporarily into reverse!

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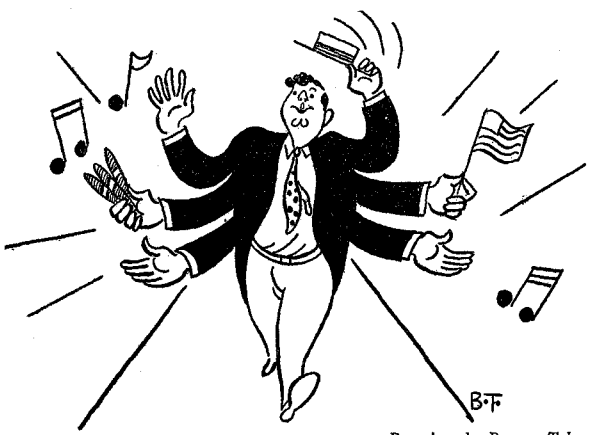
The Danger of the High Hat

Politicians Succeed, Professors Don't

by **ELEANOR R. WEMBRIDGE**



Drawings by Barney Tobey

No one who has not tried it knows how difficult it is to make people who are suspicious and unacquainted adjust their differences when they do not speak the same language. A common situation in our courtroom is for Mrs. Poppe to insist (in Rumanian) to Mrs. Lefski that her Angela is leading Emma Poppe astray by enticing her out the window nightly to visit a beer joint. Mrs. Lefski, who does not understand Rumanian at all replies (in Polish) that Mrs. Poppe has the situation all wrong: it is her own Emma's sinister seductions, in fact, which entice Angela out after dark.

At least that is what I, who speak neither Rumanian nor Polish, suppose to be the charge and countercharge. We have interpreters, to be sure, who, if they are not busy elsewhere, can help us with some of the better-known tongues. But even they cannot speak every language, so our understanding is likely to be lopsided at best. Emma and Angela, who are bilingual, might help us out, but they naturally prefer to muddle us the more, since, the longer the foolish adults quarrel, the better the chances for the young and lively to escape unobserved and meet their dates at the beer parlor.

This weekly babel has developed into more than a court phenomenon in my imagination. It has become a symbol of what is going on everywhere in the world of opinion. One side of every social and political debate shouts to the other what ought to be done but shouts in a language all its own. In the meantime most of our citizens are listening to only their own voices or to those speakers alone who address them in their own spiritual language, regardless of the validity of what they may have to say.

My own experience of late years has forced me to spend much time on the intellectual frontier that runs, so to speak, between the highly educated and the completely noneducated. And my own ego has been sobered by much giving of advice which has not been taken. Even as a college dean I could not fail to notice how many of my excellent suggestions to students were ignored. Now, as a court referee to young people who need advice even more than the students did and who ignore it even more firmly, I cannot avoid these two problems: Do the ignorant repudiate wisdom because they do not understand it? Or is it because, understanding it, they are merely angered by it?

I conclude that both of these explanations are correct. Either the unschooled who need skilled leadership cannot make head or tail of the logic and language of the highly trained, or, if they do get the drift, they turn a deaf ear because it fails to take account of some deep necessity of their lives. I have also rediscovered the well-known fact that the inner forces most likely to run counter to good counsel are some antisocial variations of an otherwise healthy impulse to exalt one's own ego, to find a mate, or to advance but spoil one's children.

Until I began to spend so much time with the

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unlettered, my life had been largely passed in a school atmosphere. This is the usual training of those who now officiate in the better guidance groups and social clinics. I was used to the dignified vocabulary, the respect for books, and the discreet veiling of the rawer impulses which prevail among academic people. Then, suddenly thrust among those to whom the eighth grade is a luxury and the seventh a decent average, I realized not only that these citizens did not live by the same standards to

which I was accustomed but that they vastly outnumbered those who did.

The last census indicated that only one person in twelve of average college age attends college and that only one in twenty graduates therefrom. Are those who did not attend thirsting for the leadership of those who did? And, if not, why?

A Matter of Technique

It may throw some light upon this matter to contrast two types of public display — an academic procession and a popular politician on parade. I have walked in plenty of the former. My colleagues and I indicated on these occasions, by our robes, our hoods, and our grave sobriety, that we all were (or at least once had been) extremely clever boys and girls. We quite obviously hoped that the sack suits and muslin dresses who watched us from the curbing grasped the idea that we were more intelligent than they. It might be that but an hour before we had been borrowing lawn mowers, sewing machines, and thumbtacks from our less lettered neighbors. But all this was now forgotten. We passed our benefactors without a flicker of the eyelash. Our severe stare ahead told them plainly that in being served by lesser minds and humbler hands we had received merely our due.

I believe that the subconscious reaction of the average citizen to such apparent head swelling under a mortarboard is a strong impulse to kick it off. I even note with amazement that, as my own position has shifted from the procession to the sidelines, I feel that same twitching impulse myself. So far I have restrained my reflexes for the sake of auld lang syne. But I often marvel at the control of those members of the crowd who do not share my fond memories but see only their neighbors, putting on airs.

Now let us step off the campus to the street, where the late Mr. Long, having finished his parade, is entering the hotel lobby. No mortarboard on his head, nor a hat either, for he has been too busy waving it. He has not failed to greet his friends. In fact he greets everybody. And, if he does not know who they are, he pretends to and greets them just as heartily. They call, "Hello, Huey," and he bellows back, "How's yourself? How's the folks? How's tricks? Sure — we're feelin' fine. How's the girl friend?" His hand shakes any hand outstretched to meet it and pumps his own when he cannot reach. No condescension here. He is just a jovial American fellow who wants votes and admits it. The band leader cranes his neck and nods to the drummer. The headwaiter runs out for a look, along with his guests. The elevator operator yells, "Atta boy," and the smiling and notorious candidate jokes, gesticulates, and makes his promises. Everything goes. Everyone has been recognized, flattered, reassured, and amused. The crowd knows that the Kingfish depends upon its support, and he says in effect: "You splendid fellows with your dazzling girl friends, give it to me!" It is all in the best tradition of a happy democracy.

And what if the jolly fellow cannot fulfill his promises? No one else does. Why should he?

Or take Dr. Townsend, who plays his haunting strains upon a different harp. He knows how all old people dread a painful and shabby end. How helpless they feel, and how pitilessly, in our civilization, they are thrust aside by the young. He feels for them a genuine sympathy which is wholly justified. Moreover, he is not young himself. What if his arithmetic is weak? He may depend upon it that the figuring of his aged followers is weaker still but that their terrified forebodings are no less strong because of it. Fear antedates mathematics biologically by

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a few millenniums, and hope is far sweeter than the multiplication table. So the kindly doctor can fill any stadium with his shaky computations, while accurate but frigid accountants declaim their bookkeeping to empty benches.

Father Coughlin shouts his call to arms in still a different key. I knew an able superintendent of a reformatory who once went to Sicily for a rest, and was thrown out of her bed by the Messina earthquake on her first morning. With a sigh she surveyed the ruins and, without a shadow of authority, took command. She organized soup kitchens, sewing brigades, road building, and the morgue, until the proper officials came to relieve her. She told me afterwards that it is not at all hard to become a dictator, provided one is used to ignorant, frightened people, can give simple, definite directions, and is willing to assume authority for everything whether one has it or not. Father Coughlin knows this to be true as well as she. He believes, no doubt sincerely, that the mantle of the prophets has fallen upon him and like another Jeremiah he thunders his wrath in a frenzy of denunciation. Such turbulence of spirit can no more be met by logic than fire can be met with ice.

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The Emotional Approach

Some years ago, I was startled at a public meeting, when a candidate for office whistled his oration through a gap in his dental plate where a tooth was missing. At the time, I lost patience and inquired how a man who could not get his teeth repaired could expect public office. My experienced friends jeered the response that the speaker had left his front tooth in the bureau drawer at home, where it belonged — if he hoped to get the rural vote. They said that unpretentious farmers felt much more at home with a candidate whose smiling face revealed the same imperfect dentistry as their own. Sure enough, when he was elected (as of course he was) and the tooth could no longer harm him, he took it out of hiding and screwed it back among its fellows!

Later I attended a picnic where another aspirant for office suggested a toast to our entertainers and, leaping upon a chair, insisted that we all join him in the chorus (to the tune of "How Dry I Am"):

We're glad we *come!*
We're glad we *come!*

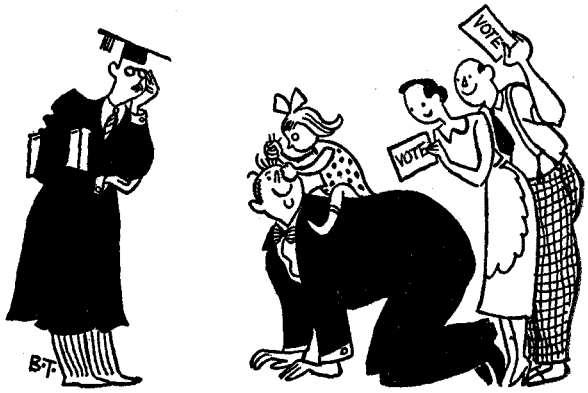
Since I was new at this game, the song was at first hard for me to sing. I found myself correcting the grammar *sotto voce* on the first line. But, as I swung into the spirit of the thing, the shackles of correct conjugation fell away, and I was ready for the utter release of

We done our *best!*

before I got through.

What chance would a grammarian have had at such a picnic? About as much as Mr. Davis had of being elected President in 1925, after his picture appeared in the rotogravures in a swagger golf suit. Even the sedate Mr. Coolidge submitted to Indian feathers, sombreros, and overalls, when he had to. The late Will Rogers knew very well that his vogue depended upon his continuing to behave like an honest illiterate, baffled by the dictionary, even though he felt at home with princes. His public wanted to laugh at his clumsiness, not to be made to feel itself inferior.

An extremely successful salesman in a country store once remarked to me about one who was unsuccessful, "He can't seem to learn that people must never be made to say a word that humiliates them. If a stout woman wears size forty-eight, use your eyes and don't ask her to say it. Offer her a fifty, murmur, 'That's much too large,' and then give her one that fits. On



the other hand, if a girl wears a small shoe, let her state the size, even if you know it, so that she can have the pleasure of hearing her own voice say, 'Four and a half triple A.'" How many college deans have learned as much finesse?

I was stopped on the street recently by a wan stranger who stared at me wistfully and quavered, without preliminaries, "My picture was in the paper once — in Fort Wayne." Poor fellow. He was no doubt either drunk or demented. But his last flicker of consciousness

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lingered, rapt, over his triumph in Fort Wayne. I was much touched, and congratulated him heartily upon his splendid past. I had other memories. He apparently had but one.

How do the people who write, lecture, travel, entertain, and achieve positions of prestige and the front page suppose that a humble person who can have no such self-expression occupies his time? If he can, he works. He eats. He mates. He watches his children, a ball game, or a fight and talks about these matters. What else is there for him to do? Moreover, since he lacks events of large importance on which to expend his feeling, he expends it upon minor matters. I have seen enough wrath aroused by a rock fired at a fence to start a war.

During the last decade I have been assisted by seven maids, of as many nationalities, who nevertheless had this one feature in common: they and their families all lived in a whirl of lodge politics, revivals, love affairs, quarrels, elopements, anniversaries, and sprees. Compared with their volcanic upheavals, my life seemed cold indeed. Spurred by emotion, they would do anything, but logic rattled on them like hail stones on a roof. Five of them left after love episodes that wore us both out. Yet the psychology textbook most widely used today tells us that

> sex behavior has been better studied in animals than in man, and the results are clearer in the female animal than in the male.

What can the professor mean by that? The "results in the male" have been clear enough to me, when he courted in my kitchen. It is also clear that the vote of each of these lovers is worth as much as mine.

Even the most learned and profound thinker cannot rise above his emotional life if his child is sick, his reputation threatened, or his sweetheart unkind. He merely has mental outlets to ease the tension. The man who has none is swamped. Presumably the mother of the quintuplets loves them with an intensity that is no less strong because they have to be taken from her in order to raise them. Is she grateful, as some mothers might be, because pediatrists and parliament have united in their efforts to save her children? She is not! Such solace is too complex for a primitive mind. She asks only, "Who bore those babies — the government or I?"

Speak the Language

It is useless to quarrel with untrained emotional life, to condemn or to despise it. It has kept alive a race that reason would have long since destroyed. One comes to stand in awe of instincts, invisible yet invincible, as one marvels at the wind and the tides. The world of flesh existed long before the world of paper and is considerably more lively. If one expects to arrange people in society and not books on a shelf, one must know them and even respect them as they are.

When a few pioneers attempt to hold a geographical frontier against outnumbering hordes, they know that they must study the language and the ways of the land and that they will not get understanding unless they give it first. Moreover, if they are contemptuous and overbearing, their overtures will be rejected. The United States has been peopled, by a selective process, by those who detest authority, pomposity, or the high hat. Most of our settlers came here to avoid it, because their egos were so robust. If they had enjoyed crowns, tiaras, helmets, mortarboards, and toppers, presumably they would have stayed where such caste regalia flourished. But, having come with considerable hardship, because they wanted a democracy, they propose to have it. So, when the college president has handed out his last Latin parchment in Gothic script, to fledglings who ask only for jobs, and when he turns morosely homeward, wondering why political confidence men draw bigger crowds than he, the answer is because they can pass a better examination in the psychology of the human race.

If we hope to catch the ears of untutored people, we must learn how they think, talk, and are moved to action. If we do not address them in their own tongue, less reliable but more experienced people will. It will be our own fault if the ignorant come to view the alien sentiments and vocabulary of the intellectual and scientific world with the same active distaste that Mrs. Poppe feels for Mrs. Lefski's opinion of the conduct of Mrs. Poppe's daughter. The opinion may be just, but Mrs. Poppe declines to listen to it. She declines partly because she does not understand Mrs. Lefski's language — but principally because she does not like Mrs. Lefski.

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The Failure of the Art Critics

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

The art critics have had their critical innings: the artist now pre-empts his turn.

FROM THE MODERN creative artist's point of view, American art critics in general have laid themselves open to a devastating broadside of countercriticism. The critics, however, no matter how often the broadside has been or may be fired, fail to get the point. They can't get it. The point is outside their experience. The devastation, therefore, fails to register. The said critics go right on criticizing as if nothing had happened, unable to realize that the foundations of their professional title have been swept from under them.

This situation makes the procedure of countercriticism difficult and explains why so many genuine artists, keenly sensing the futility as well as the lack of opportunity of any effective comeback, retire to their mountaintops with a few sensitive, understanding souls, to ignore with bored indifference the rain of printed words falling so copiously on the art-curious public of the distant valley. Not that artists in general are invulnerable to critical praise or attack or that they are justified in running away. The devastating point of my broadside is that so-called art criticism in this country is not criticism; it is *journalism* and little if anything more.

Such a statement sounds academic and technical and therefore detached from the drama of the economic disintegration through which we are now passing. It is neither. The contemporary failure of art criticism to be criticism is one evidence of a national divorce from art (in the modern and classic meaning of the word) which has social implications of the very greatest importance. These implications are important as a partial explanation of our present economic dilemma and as they bear on any fundamental program of social reconstruction. Let's see if I can state the case. First, why criticism is mainly journalistic. Second, what are the implications involved.

I assume that everyone can essentially agree on the function of criticism. Obviously it should be more than the expression of personal likes and dislikes, even though it must always be flavored by personality. Obviously it should be analytical — of all or at least the main phases of the work under discussion. To be analytical it must work from some standard of values which it will be part of the critical duty to explain.

> To habilitate the critic, to defend accepted standards against Tolstoyan attacks, to narrow the interval between these standards and popular taste, to protect the arts from the crude moralities of Puritans and perverts, a general theory of value which will not leave the statement, "This is good, that bad" either vague or arbitrary, must be provided.*

Turning from criticism to critic, I would add the apparently self-evident truth that the critic, in addition to a wide historical and contemporary knowledge of works of art, must have *experienced* in some degree the meaning of, the feeling for, and the ways and means of the art he is criticizing. No one can describe or analyze with validity an experience which he himself does not know.

Let these points cover, for the moment, the function of criticism in general and the equipment of the critic. How do they apply to the field of the visual arts?

Analysis of the main phases of the picture or sculpture (to which fields this discussion must be mainly limited, though the applications penetrate all the arts) will have to include both subject, with all its varied interests and

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *I. A. Richards*, Principles of Literary Criticism, *p. 36.*

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aspects technically called content, and form — the structure of subject's expression. This dual program, above and beyond any statement of personal reactions, is the absolute minimum of the critical process.

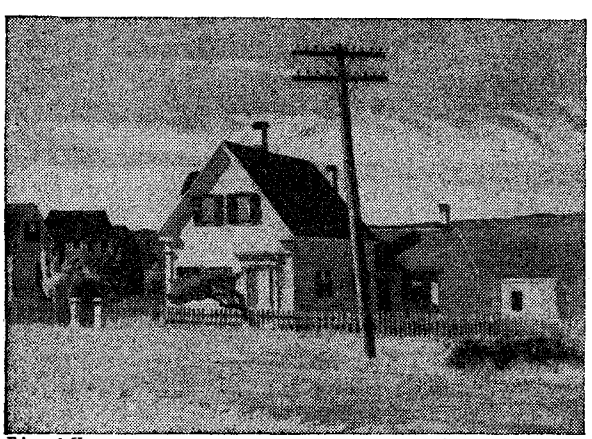
The standard of value upon which analysis is based also has an irreducible minimum of ground to cover. This minimum should include only such planks as can be agreed upon as self-evident truths by those who are equipped to judge. And in saying this I am not translating "self-evident truth" as agreement with my point of view. I am assuming from many years of observation that those who are, through direct experience, equipped to judge can and will agree on certain general truths which they will call self-evident. Among these truths are those which I shall enumerate here.

There are at least six types of artists characterized by attitudes of mind and working procedures which are distinctly different, each from the other, and in some cases diametrically opposed. These six types are:

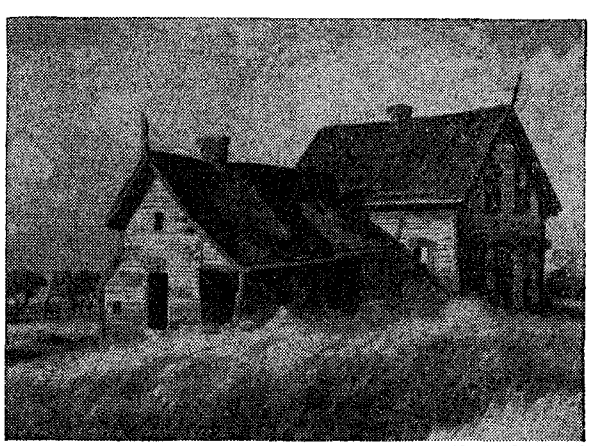
1. The artist who copies in his picture essentially what he sees in nature. The NATURALISTIC artist.
2. The artist who copies another artist or repeats a recipe of his own earlier making, his work thereby deriving from another source than his own re-creating vision. The DERIVATIVE artist.
3. The artist who violates his own integrity by pleasing someone else against his own convictions or even because he has no convictions, for an ulterior motive, presumably gain. This, the POPULAR artist — the Ananias of art. In French, called *le pompier*.
4. The artist whose reaction to his subject is emotional or sentimental and who in his work does not discipline such reaction with a thinking and planning mind. The ROMANTIC type.
5. The artist who extends his own experience in each new work — who is so alive to his environment and so sensitive to the myriads of fresh stimuli continually passing before his eyes that he automatically evolves new and functional concepts and new ways and means of expressing them. The CREATIVE or ORIGINAL artist.
6. The artist who is master of the organizing knowledge which has come down to us from the classic periods of the past and which has been rediscovered by the modern movement. The DESIGN-CONSCIOUS or ARCHITECTURAL artist.

That these types of minds and, correspondingly, the works they produce are distinct and, in such cases as the naturalistic and architectural or the naturalistic and creative, opposite in their attitudes and procedures can be proven, I should argue, by even a semipenetrating study of art history. The various types, of course, combine into such dual characters as the original romantic or architectural against the popular naturalistic, etc. The point is that such types do exist and that any intelligent analysis must start with such a differentiation instead of talking about "art" and "artists" in such vague generalizations that the words have no meaning — as is common practice.

The next most important self-evident truth on which all art criticism should be based is that every work of pictorial art except the



Edward Hopper



Charles Burchfield

Two paintings, of similar subjects, reproduced by courtesy of the Whitney Museum, representing the opposite attitudes of mind and procedure which distinguish the naturalistic from the modern architectural school.

The Hopper, in its skillful reporting of facts, shows unconsciousness of space, line, color, and form relationships, thereby lacking the pictorial form or design wherein lies the art of the picture.

The Burchfield shows consciousness of such relationships and organizes them into a plastic pictorial form.

It is failure to understand this basic difference between the craft and the art of the picture that is charged against the art critics.

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complete abstraction has both content and form or design. That all criticism should cover both these fields, one would think, is as self-evident as the fact of their existence.

Subject, its selection, handling, etc., are open to endless comment and speculation, ranging from the humanistic or psychological to the sociological, factual, historical, or what not. Such comment, patently, is open to any well-informed mind, lay or professional, without special training. Form, the plastic means of the expression of subject, wherein lies the art of the picture, as of the play, the dance, or the symphony, is open, like subject, to an immense range of comment; and the understanding of this range is essential to the comprehension of the art involved. But this field, unlike that of subject, demands special awareness and special knowledge which must be based on experience — which is not revealed to the external, theoretical, nonparticipating gaze and which, therefore, cannot be discussed intelligently or explained by the mind behind that gaze.

I have not made a special study of the criticism of literature, the dance, and music. But ordinary observation tells me that such criticism usually covers both content and form and distinguishes between different types. Expressions such as "It lacks theater" — the special word for theatrical form — the controversies about program vs. pure music or between the romantic and realistic schools in literature are cases in point. Literary critics, being writers themselves, are trained from infancy in literary form and always include it in the raging controversies of the moment. Popular musical criticism, such as one reads in the press or hears over the radio, practically always includes, at the very least, mention of the type of structure, often with explanations. Discussion of form, that is to say, is mingled with that of history, personality, story, etc. From a number of musical discussions, I remember such phrases as "tonal color of the orchestration," "An intensive study of form did not stifle his Russian feeling" (about Rimsky Korsakoff), "coherent or chaotic form," "theme well developed," "sonata allegro form," "musicianship." Lawrence Gilman, Olin Downs, Henry Krehbiel, outstanding music critics, are themselves, or were, I understand, performing musicians.

Dance criticism is comparatively infrequent, but John Martin and William Bolitho have certainly helped to make their public conscious of the form of the movement of Mei Lang Fang, Shan-Kar, the Joost Ballet, Martha Graham, and Doris Humphrey and of the romanticism of Isadora Duncan and her school.

Literary, dramatic, dance, and music criticism, then, not only recognize the existence of form as a means to the art in these fields but discuss its characteristics to some extent and with some understanding. Also they recognize and classify different schools or types of expression. The crux of the matter lies in the fact that there *is* such understanding and such differentiation.

In the field of art criticism, speaking generally, there is neither an understanding of pictorial form nor a differentiation between the main types of artists, schools, and works. Furthermore, the six leading critics of the country and certainly the bulk of the lesser ones do not know pictorial form in the modern sense and therefore are incapable of discussing it with validity or distinguishing between the different schools.*

EXHIBITS

To test the justness of my indictment I shall now put under the miscroscope certain selected criticisms by leading professional critics which reveal their attitudes toward and capacity to deal with the formal side of pictorial art and the classifications of artists and works together with the meanings involved. All discussion of other phases of the interesting and often brilliant writing of these versatile literary minds (their profession, remember, is writing) will be scrupulously avoided, for they are valid as projections of personal opinion on other aspects of the picture. And whether various opinions in such other fields agree or

* Author's Note: — *An explanation of the meaning of pictorial form is impossible in this article, except to say it involves the creative reorganization of all the elements, both of subject and the plastic means of line, space, color, light-dark, texture, and form, into a two- or three-dimensional plastic or formal unity which has values in the quality of its relationships and their effect, through the sensation of sight, that are comparable to the qualities and effects of music. The fact that form is continually changing in character through the years and the centuries in response to the changing character of and attitude toward subject does not affect the central issue of its presence or absence. The writings of Fry and Wilenski, creative artists both, and of Barnes, who probably understands as thoroughly as is possible to a layman, all illuminate this meaning. Also, my own book* Experiencing Pictures (*Harcourt, Brace*) *is devoted mainly to this explanation.*

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disagree with mine is beside the argument. I am trying to show that ignorance of pictorial form may not disqualify a writer from being an excellent journalist but that it definitely does disqualify him from being an art critic.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL, *New York Times*

BEFORE MR. JEWELL became art critic on the "world's greatest newspaper," he was a general reporter covering, I understand, the financial district. The editor of the *Times* is not the only executive who considers such training sufficient as a preparation for the profession of art criticism.

The following criticism by Mr. Jewell is taken from a two-column article featuring the Maud Dale showing of Boldini in March, 1933, with no hint of critical disapproval of either the work, the artist, or the show.

> Well, after all, Boldini was an artist as well as a fashionable portrait painter. . . .
>
> It cannot, strictly speaking, be laid at his door that this (flourishing, swishing, and swirling) technique recommended itself as the *dernier cri* for candy-box and magazine covers. Boldini, gracefully dedicating his flair for elegance to the prevailing market demand, did what was expected of him and did it with the most sparkling verve that bravura has ever reached. . . .
>
> For the chronicle to which Boldini's name is signed must indeed be called, as Mrs. Dale puts its, "priceless." Seeing, you will believe. And you must see.

This is graceful writing. Perhaps it would be far too blunt and ill bred to characterize an "artist" sponsored by the wealthy art patron, Mrs. Maud Dale, as one of the most outstanding examples of the naturalistic, popular, Ananiases of art. But *criticism?* Can *criticism* be so diplomatic? Has a critic a conscience? Can this critic respect himself if he plays false to that conscience for any reason?

On the Ezra Winter mural, *Fountain of Youth*, in Radio City Music Hall:

> Mr. Winter has laid out his design acceptably in a quite conventional and uninspired manner; but his mural is so uninteresting in itself and so fretted with fluffy detail that it does little beyond harmonizing with the general color scheme. . . .
>
> What we have is a pallid, feeble allegory that is so big it had to be painted on tennis courts and in artistic stature, so small that it might hardly be noticed but for the advance trumpeting of press agents.

Agreed. But why is it uninteresting and pallid? Is it not the critic's duty to go beyond this expression of personal opinion — to explain that Winter is that paradox of academic art, a naturalistic-decorative painter who is trying to mix the oil of actual appearances with the water of a thin design to make a mural painting? And that mural paintings, being part of an architectural whole, must themselves be architectural in the relationship of every line, space, color, and form? Also he might explain the watering — i.e., that Winter's design is limited to a very superficial pattern of the more obvious lines, spaces, and colors, rather than an integration of all, which accounts largely for its pallidness.

He might point out that the artist has taken the romantic subject approved by Rockefeller and his architects and treated it so romantically that it violates the spirit of the great building in which it exists, as well as the realities of the life of our time. In other words, that it is a pallid experience to escape from current reality to the safety of innocuous allegories about fountains of youth.

But perhaps it was not the pallidity of the theme that bothered Mr. Jewell, for here he outspokenly condemns, in one short paragraph (as against the two columns bestowed on Boldini) Rivera's latest mural, which deals entirely with the economic realities of America, past and present:

> One of the saddest of the season's spectacles has been Rivera's apparent collapse as a mural painter. His series in the New Workers' School, now completed, serves to strengthen the impression recorded in these columns when the task was as yet half finished. The walls, tightly packed with small panels, look as if they were plastered with lurid propaganda posters. There is little or no true mural feeling anywhere, although many of the little heads are admirable examples of fresco art.

Before commenting on this, let me add the following:

> The Sert murals in the R.C.A. Building do not seem to me to equal those in the dining room of the Waldorf. Still, they have a dramatic and arresting quality. If not profound, they are, at any rate, effective wall decoration. Indeed, with Brangwyn's murals in place, the paintings by Sert seem really rather splendid.

Sert is a naturalistic-romantic whose forms are portrayed by the copying of actual shadows and lights on particular surfaces. They are the reverse of plastic. There is no architecture of the picture except the piling up of subject into obvious compositions. As murals, they violate the wall on which they exist, by ignoring its surface in their attempt to give, through

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actual chiaroscuro, the illusion of deep space. Also, except in their color scheme, they violate the architectural harmony of their rooms. Their ponderous courtliness can be as offensive, or as "popular" as — the French have a word for it, imported from South America — a gigolo. The fact that Mr. Jewell considers these to be "effective wall decoration" can only mean that he does not know the plastique of pictorial architecture. Transferring this opinion to other arts would find it approving a play that lacked all "theater," a symphony that lacked all structure, an essay or dance that lacked all form.

There can be no quarrel with Mr. Jewell for preferring Sert's sentimental romanticism of subject to Rivera's stark and cruel realities. That is entirely a personal matter. But to say that Rivera has no mural feeling is to distort fact to agree with personal opinion, which is quite another matter. Rivera has many shortcomings, but he does organize his colors, shapes, and forms into a partial unity, whereas Sert is as innocent as a babe of the plastic procedure. And it is this plastic integration of elements that creates the architecture which gives the "mural feeling." These are statements of fact recognized by all who are equipped to judge. Do Mr. Jewell's remarks indicate that he is so equipped?

The entire issue of Mr. Jewell's equipment to criticize pictorial form comes to a focus in his comment on the Modern Museum exhibition of Edward Hopper. That Hopper is a naturalistic-realistic painter — i.e., one who essentially copies what he sees before him but, by omission and clarification, heightens the sense of the reality of his scene — is understood quite generally — by the artist himself, by the Modern Museum (which incidentally brought its title of "modern" into question by this academic showing), and by a fair proportion of the intelligent public. That he lacks all knowledge of pictorial structure or plastic organization is equally clear to those who see. With this in mind, note Mr. Jewell's comments. The italics are mine:

> Despite all that has been said about his photographic realism, his literalness, Mr. Hopper makes it clear that his aim has been an "exact transcription of my most intimate impressions of nature! The brush dedicated to *problems of structure*, mass, *rhythm*, and lighting has had no traffic with what, merely, the mind knows is there and with what, when arbitrarily directed, the eye can see." . . .
>
> The Hotel Room and the Barber Shop are splendidly *architectural*. . . .
>
> On the side of a cogent painter's theory, on the side of *structural values*, one might search in vain for a flaw. . . .
>
> In fine, assembling all the facts as a basis for a concise evaluation, one may safely call Edward Hopper a contemporary artist with few peers. His one-man show indicates achievement that promises for tomorrow quite as richly as it testifies for today and yesterday.

Again, as always, no qualifying adjective before the word "artist." Here is a literary mind using words such as "structure," "rhythm," "architectural," and "structural values" with an innocence of any comprehension of their pictorial meaning almost as complete as that of a parrot. I say this with full awareness that I am not proving the statement or explaining it concretely.

In a statement of his critical creed on July 1, 1934, Mr. Jewell records that he believes in such American artists as Grant Wood, Curry, Benton, and Chapin "because they are seen to be bent on searching the deeper springs of human character," that he is also in sympathy with abstraction, provided "it be veritable abstraction and not something modishly pseudo," that he does not side with the castigators of still life on the ground that it has no emotional content, that he believes in genuinely creative art wherever found, and that he has no use for fossilized academism, either conservative or modern.

A worthy creed. But, because it mixes its aesthetic drinks (in the above list of artists) and because its applications belie its claims — for instance, in the approvals of Sert, Hopper, and Barnard, who are definitively not creative artists in the modern sense or the classic sense — it tumbles about its author's ears, as fragile as the proverbial house of cards.

Mr. Jewell is a likable man, a human, tolerant, and interesting writer. Because he has no critical standard and, to judge by the Boldini article, no code of critical ethics, he is not equipped to be a critic of pictorial and sculptural art.

(*Mr. Pearson's next article for* THE FORUM *will appraise the critical ability of the following: Elizabeth Luther Carey, of the* New York Times; *Royal Cortissoz, of the* New York Herald Tribune; *Arthur Millier, of the* Los Angeles Times; *Lewis Mumford, of* The New Yorker.)

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A Journey in Space

by **SAX ROHMER**

THERE ARE TIMES when we all should like to walk out of our bodies — if we were quite certain how to walk back again. Human vanity, loath to accept physical limitations, has always toyed with the idea of escape into another dimension. If our personality is composed, as the Ancient Egyptians believed, of the *Ka* or ego, the *Sahu* (astral double), and the *Khaibt* or radiation, can these or any one of them survive apart from the body? Is it possible for the ego or the soul to wander in astral disguise — as Harun-al-Rashid wandered incognito through the streets of Bagdad?

A generation which (the words are Humbert Wolfe's) "for some insane reason rejoices in the conquest of space" might profitably study the problem, since travel under these untrammeled conditions would surpass anything achieved by airplanes or by Sir Malcolm Campbell on wheels.

Many ancient philosophers claimed the power to abandon their bodies at will, notably Appollonius Tyanaeus, and the same claim is made by certain Eastern fakirs today. The medium, in a state of trance, deserts that mysterious and unidentified stronghold in the human citadel designed to accommodate that which we call our personality, leaving it open to access by invading intelligences. This, at any rate, is what every medium *claims* to do. A recent book by William Gerhardi focused interest anew upon this ancient problem. It would appear that he has dared to penetrate that narrow but dangerous borderland which lies between established fact and clairvoyant conjecture, which divides science from mumbo jumbo and sanity from madness.

It is the no man's land between the physical and the mental — a territory which Sir Oliver Lodge long since set out to explore. I suggest with extreme diffidence that Sir Oliver has seemed inclined at times to look upon it as a bridge between the physical and the spiritual. The true importance of such exploration, which many have ventured to ridicule, is not properly understood. Doubtless it is difficult for us of a mechanical age to understand anything which is not machine-made. But here is a human aim higher than the stratosphere, here are new records to be broken. It must not be forgotten, however, that many a well-earned reputation has been swallowed up by this treacherous morass. One may interview unwary explorers, too, in Bethlehem and at Banstead.

Sir Oliver Lodge is the one accredited scientific researcher, at present before the British public, equipped to contest honors with Algernon Blackwood's *John Silence*. William Gerhardi has courageously entered the lists — a layman.

A modest disciple worthy of greater honor than has come to him is Mr. J. W. Dunne, whose remarkable book, *An Experiment with Time*, has gone further to reduce that strange part of us termed the subconscious (subdivided by the Ancient Egyptians as I have indicated) to mathematical order than many more pretentious works. His later essay, *The Serial Universe*, carries the argument further and in a more thoughtful period would take its place as a textbook.

A contribution by William Gerhardi to the *Daily Express* — "The Man Who Walked out of His Body" — led to some curious correspondence. Others claimed to have had similar experiences, but there was none which I read which seemed outside explanation as a feverish dream or as an instance of somnambulism. The subject, of course, is curiously involved and difficult to write about; yet here is an inherent capacity which many have successfully developed. Without delving too deeply into the history of the thing, I propose to show that William Gerhardi's experience of astral travel can be undertaken at will. Further, that it can

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go beyond anything which he has recorded: that others can be made aware of the traveler's presence.

II

ONCE ONE HAS grasped the fact that it is perfectly possible to walk out of one's body under certain conditions, the fascination of this branch of what is loosely termed occultism at once becomes apparent.

Owing to the character of some of my stories, I receive a number of queer letters, many of them frankly indicating mental deficiency, others a sane desire for knowledge of that which the churches have ceased to teach. But all of them show a drowning urge to grasp at any straw floating on the noisy sea of present-day life. Hitherto I have refrained from suggesting to my correspondents experiments in this perilous midworld, but the interest displayed in Mr. Gerhardi's experiences and the wide acceptance given to the oddly erroneous teachings of spiritualism may indicate that the season is at hand. I will draw attention, therefore, to certain beliefs held by the Ancient Egyptian priests and other adepts and shall endeavor to show how phenomena produced by them may be reproduced today.

In the second series of Flinders Petrie's *Egyptian Tales* is the translation of a papyrus in the Giza Museum. One passage reads:

> In the tomb was Na-Nefer-Ka-Ptah, and with him was the *Ka* of his wife Ahura, for although she was buried at Koptos her *Ka* dwelt at Memphis with her husband whom she loved.

The *Ka*, as I have said, is the ego. According to the Ancient Egyptians it could, at the death of the body, enter into any image or suitable receptacle prepared for it. In the case cited above, it dwelt in a statue, and the compiler of Volume VIII of the *Collectanea Hermetica* says:

> It seems exceedingly probable that, as the mummy was the material basis for the astral form and radiation, so the mummy case with its painted presentment of the living person was the material basis for the preservation of the *Ka*.

Here is a curious sidelight upon those persistent traditions connected with the violation of Egyptian tombs and a link with the phenomena termed apparitions, an excellent symposium of which was compiled by W. T. Stead, and classified by him as *Ghosts of the Living* and *Apparitions at or before Death*.

That such apparitions have been seen I am taking for granted. I have quoted from the Giza papyrus merely in order to indicate in what manner, according to Ancient Egyptian belief, these apparitions were produced. The evidence of them, in bulk, is conclusive, and what attracted my attention when studying the question was this same oddity which led Mr. Stead to subdivide his cases.

In short, some apparitions are those of living persons.

The evidence in these cases all seemed to point in the same direction. A crucial moment, frequently of agony, rarely of joy, has enabled a person to project his or her radiation or image, so that someone intensely desired at the instant of catastrophe has "seen" the person, perhaps thousands of miles away, at the very second when the overwhelming stress occurred.

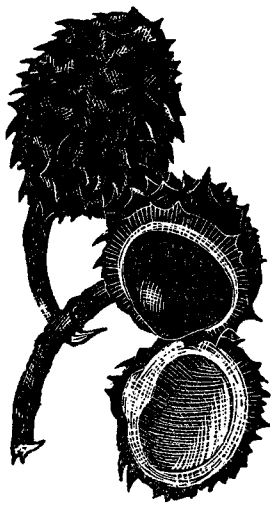
This suggested, first, confirmation of the Ancient Egyptian belief; second, a firm link with apparitions of the dying; thirdly, an explanation of the apparitions of the living.

It was sheer concentration.

The gift of prophecy is thus explained: time and space have no meaning for the *Ka* or ego of the adept. From the citadel of the body the initiate sallies forth, exploring where he will; indeed it is possible that many of us so journey in sleep. But is it possible, by the exercise of concentration, *deliberately* to attempt such a journey?

III

UPON THE THEORY that at least it was not *im*possible, I based my experiments. Since, after many failures, they succeeded, I shall content myself with outlining the routine which I ultimately adopted. At every stage I learned something of the geography of the Borderland, but my great discovery came only after weeks of wasted labor. It was this:



A tyro cannot travel far.

But the mere fact of his being able to travel at all opens up vast fields for explo-

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ration, dazzling his eyes with the marvels of an untrodden continent. It is a dark continent and it lies beyond that painted veil of consciousness which has lured investigators from the earliest times, which few have passed but to the threshold of which many have ventured.

At this point I wish to say that, although I have undertaken to prepare these notes, I am not satisfied, even now, of my wisdom in encouraging others to attempt these strange astral cruises. I therefore warn all inclined to undertake such investigations that they are not without danger. The Church of Rome is keenly alive to the perils of this kind of exploration, Rome's view of which cannot better be expressed than in the words of Father Henry Day, S.J.:

> The Church condemns the new form of modern spiritism, as she condemned the old superstitions. They are identical with devil worship, with black magic, with the necromancy of the past. Whatever may be said of the pretensions of the spiritism of the day, the Church regards it as a continuation of Satan's revolt against God.

Since Mr. Gerhardi's journeys, whether he appreciated the fact or not, really gave him the freedom commonly ascribed to angels, it is obvious, if the Church of Rome be right in her acceptance of the existence of evil spirits as well as good ones, that, when we succeed in projecting ourself, our *Ka*, or our ego, into that which is timeless and spaceless, we shall be in the neutral zone between heaven and hell. With this warning, I now append instructions for such an attempt.

IV

Preliminary.

Select a person who knows you well and who resides near enough to your center of experiment to enable you to memorize every detail of the route from the chair in which you are seated to the side of your subject. Carefully prospect every foot of the way.

Experiment at a time when you know your subject to be alone and passive, i.e., reading, going to bed, smoking a final cigarette.

Experiment at night.

Keep your subject in complete ignorance of your plans.

Repeat the routine every night at the same hour.

Ensure uninterrupted solitude (if possible, silence) during your experiments. These should be carried out for at least ten consecutive sessions.

Your purpose, as these notes indicate, is to secure *confirmation* of the result of your attempt. Unless you can succeed in making your presence felt by some independent witness, you have no evidence to show that your journey is anything but a purely imaginary one. Since such evidence is indispensable (it was lacking in the *Daily Express* correspondence), I formulate a difficult experiment at the outset. Its success will inspire that confidence lacking which no further progress is possible.

V

Method.

Sit at ease in a darkened room and close your eyes. Relax. Visualize the room. When it is clear to you, imagine yourself to be standing up and looking at your physical self, seated. Take no further step until every aspect and characteristic of this person lounging in the chair is clearly appreciated. Miss no detail. Study yourself as in a mirror. Become acquainted with your appearance as a portrait painter would do.

If you overlook one iota, the next step is useless. This first image of yourself must be photographically accurate.

When you are satisfied that it is so, begin your astral voyage. Always remember to relax. Imagine yourself turning away from the seated figure and crossing to the door. Do not fly to the door but take just as long in crossing as you would take normally. If the door creaks physically, see that it creaks spiritually and look back to learn if you have roused your other self, lounging with closed eyes in the darkened room.

This, the first step in the routine, is easily the most difficult. Once you have succeeded in projecting your point of view to the other side of the room, have succeeded in standing at the door and looking back upon yourself still seated in the chair, you have touched the fringe of the veil.

You are now master of a new dimension.

Pursue your journey as you would if you were going to make an ordinary call. Miss no detail en route. I cannot too often repeat that complete relaxation is essential. At this stage of your experiment you should be wholly unconscious of your physical body, and the journey must occupy exactly the same time

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that it would occupy if you were walking in the flesh; no greater time and no less. You will become aware, now (if you progress so far), of a power to ignore material obstacles; for example, locked doors can be opened at will. It is nevertheless important that you should allow time for such operations, if your principal object — independent evidence of success — is to be gained. Later, when you *know* that your journeys are not chimerical, you can take advantage of this new freedom.

Enter by the way you have selected and pause to assimilate your surroundings: any error, even at this stage, will nullify the value of the experiment. When you are satisfied — by the ticking of a hall clock or other familiar sound which you *ought* to hear — proceed to the side of your subject.

I hope I have made it clear that success or failure depends at first entirely upon mental concentration and physical relaxation. Simple though it may sound, even a short journey is very difficult; from one room to another in the same house is quite far enough for the novice. Once he has accomplished this, the visible world and its dark borderland are open to exploration. Remember that your first aim is to obtain evidence of success. When your friend (perhaps I should say victim) rings you up to tell you that you recently appeared in his room, you will know that you have passed your novitiate: you will know that you have conquered time and space.

VI

RETURN.

This is vitally important. Let us assume that you have successfully projected an image of yourself into the study of someone who is smoking a final cigarette before retiring. He will be intensely alarmed at your unforeseen appearance. Always remembering that the scene may be and often will be at first resident only in your imagination — whatever happens or seems to happen, return as deliberately as you came.

Many disappointments await you. Your imagination will outrun your astral self. Imperfect relaxation will chain you to your conscious, physical body. Or you will merely send yourself to sleep. But with perseverance success should come. In any event, only when you are spiritually back again in your own room and fully conscious of your physical identity, should you cease to concentrate, allow yourself to relax.

On reading over what I have written, I am painfully aware of its inadequacy. Within the space at my disposal I cannot hope to include those details which my personal experiments have taught me to be all-important. But I think these notes should enable anyone desirous of performing such astral voyages as those described by Mr. Gerhardi to learn for himself all that I have learned. I shall be glad to hear from anyone who has carried out experiments successfully but again I must warn would-be explorers — it is dangerous.

Given a suitable number of authenticated cases, Sir Oliver Lodge's work would be materially advanced; Mr. Dunne's *Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe* supplemented; and William Gerhardi's daring in recording experiences so far outside the normal as to incur the universal ridicule of materialists justified.

Decorations by Clare Leighton *Courtesy of the Macmillan Company*

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

New Books

Golden Fleece, by William Rose Benét (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). This book is a gleaning of the best work of twenty years by a poet whose talent has always been respected yet underestimated. He is at his best in his shorter and more intimate poems. It has been said that the most important thing a creative writer can do is to add another personality to those that can be known through reading. Mr. William Rose Benét presents a new character to literature by unconsciously expressing his own gentle and wondering temperament.

Selected Poems and Parodies of Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). The loveliest poem that Louis Untermeyer ever wrote is not in this volume of poems of which he is "least ashamed." It is a tiny lyric, a harvest song, printed in the *Saturday Review of Literature* six or seven years ago. It is said that poets have a blind spot about their own work; but it is usually in the other eye. Most of Mr. Untermeyer's work is frankly didactic and owes its success to his aptness in expressing fine attitudes toward life — sympathy for the oppressed, appreciation of the outdoors as a source of renewed strength and vitality, and a courageous acceptance of life as a battle and adventure. He is one of our more buoyant poets. There are some light verses in the volume and a little tomfoolery but also real poems.

Death and General Putnam and 101 Other Poems, by Arthur Guiterman (Dutton, $2.00). This is the serious poetry of Arthur Guiterman, not his humorous verse. But he is never somber. Courage, gaiety, and kindness appear in nearly every poem, and he handles his rhymes with a twang that should drive home the point — even into the least receptive minds and hearts. He is the poet of poets for people who think they do not like poetry for he appeals to them through other things that they do like. Lovers of woods and hills will find verses that seem written just for them. And there is an appealing puppy poem for the lover of dogs!

Fire Testament, by Willard Maas (Alcestis Press, $7.50). This book is only for those who are interested in the poets who are extending the scope of the art. Examples of Willard Maas' work can be found in the files of *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *Books* (*New York Herald-Tribune*), *Alcestis*, *Smoke*, and various "little" magazines. Willard Maas proves that the stream of consciousness can be used in lyric poetry — at least when the imagery is colored by erotic emotion or social ardor — and can mount to a climax. Who has not wished that he could be someone else, if only for five uneventful minutes — just to discover the texture of another life? Some poets are now trying to make this possible through reading. Willard Maas chooses the experiences that lie between dreaming and full, conscious, rational thinking — the domain of fantasy. His triumph is in avoiding the question, "What is it about — what does it mean?" He opens by enumerating the thoughts and memories that parade through his head as he lies awake at night. This is such a familiar experience that the reader is initiated into his method and does not thereafter expect the poems to be more than the sharing of a subjective experience. This effect depends less upon the excellence of his imagery than the constancy of its flow. Such poetry requires that the reader visualize the imagery as fast as it is invoked and stop reading when he can no longer do this.

Invisible Landscapes, by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan, $2.00). Most of the poems in this collection have never before been published, and most of them are good enough to be title poems. To some poets, poetry is a matter of expression. But Masters follows the tradition of Whitman and the Bible — in which the poetry is in the ideas and substance, though the expression must be suitably dignified. These are not simple "nature poems." They are poems of race, history, and evolution. Even the landscape is shaped by the lives of men now vanished.

Quarried Crystals, by Mary Cummings Eudy (Putnam, $2.00). These poems are simple enough to have been written by a child, and some of them show a naïve fancy, though more of them are experienced and worldly-wise. The author's art is in telling the truth as briefly as possible. This approach is rare today.

Luminous Token, by Bertha Williams (Henry Harrison, $1.50). This is a first book by a poet with a fine lyric talent. "Enchanted Moonlight" (about moonlight on the heather) is a lyric of which no poet would need to feel ashamed. She has not yet quite enough of her best work to fill a volume.

Notes of Death and Life, by Theodore Morrison (Crowell, $2.00). Skip the long opening poem and persevere until you read "The Ploughing of the Field" and "Legend." These two are vivid achievements, the first for New England, the second for social vision.

A Book of Verse, by students of Iowa State Teachers College, 1927-1934 (price on application). The daintiness of this violet-bound anthology proves that poetry is revered at Iowa State Teachers College. The poems seem to make a good showing, considering that so many students are represented and that there is no starring of outstanding talents. None of the work is ambitious or powerful, and the originality is hardly above the undergraduate average. But the technique and taste seem to be above average. It is comforting to know that the future teachers of Iowa have so good an understanding of the art.

More College Verse

Portrait

Here was a heart made glad by humb
things —
The feather touch of softly falling snow
The friendly smoke a playful north wind
flings
In bluish wisps across the sky, the lo
And happy monotone that kittens purr,
The wet caress of blowing leaves in rai
And, when the day is through, the rhyt
mic whirr
Of winging birds above a field of grai

I know that Heaven will be strange to her-
Too glittering for that humility
She wore in life. The brilliant sain
will stir
Her gentle soul with awe. If memory
Remains, she will recall the vanished ma
Of happy hours, and long for earth
days.

Roselyn Quinn
College of St. Teresa; Winona, Minn.

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Our Rostrum

Life after Death

To the Editor:

. . . Miriam Allen deFord ["Do We Survive?" October Forum] . . . has summarized the evidence very fairly, I think. Perhaps my training as a psychologist leads me to be most impressed by the attitude which lies back of the entire essay. It is not uncommon to find in our clinics people who persistently make themselves chronically unhappy because they never can let go of an experience that has been good. They do not trust life to bring them fresh manna each day. They try to store it up and they discover that the manna, in true scriptural fashion, refuses to be cherished.

I would not attempt to draw with precision the difficult line between the normal desire for the continuance of anything we have found good and the clearly pathological clinging to real or fanciful adventures in living. It is my faith that, if we were to bring up children with the courage to create happiness in the activities of each new day, we would find no great emotional problem in the acceptance of the fact that toys break, favorite dresses wear out, friends move away, and lovers die.

Goodwin Watson
Teachers College
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Miriam Allen deFord's arresting article, "Do We Survive?" reveals the scientific temper which contemporary discussions of immortality must recognize. The citation of spiritual texts and the summation of traditional beliefs no longer impress many, who dismiss such testimony as the deception of wishful thinking.

But must we "cast aside every last premise of either philosophy or religion if we are to inquire into the realities of death"? Do not sound philosophy and rational religion share with the physical sciences at least one premise, namely, the integrity of the universe? . . .

Furthermore, we should look for evidence of spiritual survival in spiritual rather than material phenomena. Tipping tables, dancing pears, swinging vases are hardly manifestations of the spirit. So much that passes as "spiritualism" might better be labeled "materialism."

Ralph W. Sockman
Christ Church. Methodist Episcopal
New York, N. Y.

The Co-operative Movement

To the Editor:

I have read the article ["The Democratic Way to Prosperity," October Forum] on the co-operative movement by Bertram B. Fowler. I am convinced that consumers' co-operation has a great future in this country, and my scouts tell me that the Western farmer, ruggedest of individuals, is being rapidly converted to co-operative action. We seem to be faced with collectivism in some form. Indeed we are already highly collectivized. It seems to me that the co-operative form is the ideal one of handling the problems of distribution.

Stuart Chase
The Labor Bureau, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have read with great interest the article by Bertram Fowler on "The Democratic Way to Prosperity." . . .

This article is all the more interesting at this time because of the fact that Toyohiko Kagawa, that famous leader of the co-operative movement in Japan, is coming to America this winter. For seven months he will tour North America. Already his schedule is completely filled, and new demands upon his time are being regretfully refused daily. He is to speak in our greatest universities, before national and State conferences, before city mass meetings, in ministers' training conferences, and at other occasions throughout the nation. He is specifically to give the Rausenbusch lectures at the Colgate-Rochester Seminary in April, 1936. . . .

J. Henry Carpenter, *Executive Secretary*
Brooklyn Church and Mission Federation
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Peace?

Comment on Vyvyan Adams' article, "The Key to Peace," in the October Forum:

To the Editor:

Of course, I do not for one moment believe that Britain and the United States will ever meet in armed conflict, however great our navy or however grave our misunderstandings. These two nations are possessed of too much common sense, of too great a realization of the utter futility of war between Britain and ourselves ever to meet in armed conflict.

In fact the future of civilization depends not on an alliance but on a thorough understanding between Great Britain and the United States.

James W. Gerard
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

With strange perversity American liberalism tends to interpret British liberal policy as something sinister and reactionary. There has been a widespread tendency to regard the British protest against Mussolini's African policy as being merely another step in the history of British imperialism. This reading of the events of the day not only is ungenerous but ignores the repeated statement of the

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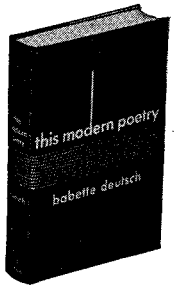

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Our Rostrum

British Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, that British action is based upon the collective system and that this remains true even if the British Government is one of the strongest elements in that system. This is a bringing into the sphere of practical politics of a new conception in foreign policy. The British fleet has been thrown into the Mediterranean at the same time that the Foreign Office joins with the rest of the world in trying to induce Mussolini to accept pacific means of settlement of the dispute. The real question is whether there are pacific means adequate to the great task of inducing reluctant nations to accept genuinely equitable settlements in issues of this kind. This is the problem of the coming years.

James T. Shotwell, *Director*
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace
Division of Economics and History
New York, N. Y.

Youth and the Future

To the Editor:

I have read "Youth Looks Ahead," by William Kenworthy [October Forum] with considerable interest. There is nothing wrong about the article: no exaggeration, no morbidity, even from a man in whom it might be excused, nor is there a solution except that which can arise from the spirit.

Probably Mr. Kenworthy is right—the outlook of people is meeting with a change, even though a slow one. The National Youth Administration is evidence of this. Although it cannot in any short period of time hope to accomplish the ultimate in solving all of youth's difficulties of today, it is determined to lay the groundwork so that this vital problem in the life of our nation may be dealt with.

Mr. Kenworthy's sincere and brave article, in showing the conditions with which much of youth today is faced, will help to point the way.

Fairfield Osborn, Jr., *Director*
National Youth Administration
State of New York
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

If William Kenworthy is typical of the young men of old England, there is still hope for the survival of civilization. There is fair promise, too, of a better world ahead.

As for our America, the depression has been bitter medicine. Our illness, however, is far from cured. Our young men and maidens still feverishly search for thrills. There is silence neither within them nor without them. And only in the silences of aloneness may be found the cause of our sickness, may be discovered the means of our recovery.

Kenworthy lacked the price of cinema tickets, of too-frequent draughts of beer. He found, instead, the face of Jesus. Imposing church buildings nor formal and meaningless religion nor any other thing succeeded in veiling his keen young sight, was able to impair his sharp young hearing.

Perhaps it is slightly unpatriotic. Nevertheless, for this our America it may be that the time of recovery is yet unripe. For in its present state American youth is capable only of returning to the old fleshpots, utterly unknowing that ultimately Egypt is doomed to annihilation. Perhaps a little more refining in the fires of adversity will teach our young souls to be still and know that He is God.

The Rev. David C. Colony
Ardmore, Pa.

Pacifists

To the Editor:

I have never met an intelligent pacifist. I have no doubt there are some but I have not had the fortune to meet any. I am not speaking of women, who have the happy faculty of arriving at right conclusions by wrong processes of reasoning. Man's logic cannot be applied to women.

The male pacifists with whom I come in contact are all either profoundly ignorant of the world-wide and age-long conditions that lead to war, or they deliberately distort the facts to meet the purposes of their argument.

On page 131 of the September issue of The Forum [in Our Rostrum], Mr. Edwin C. Johnson makes three quotations from me. Two of these quotations could not fail to leave the reader under the impression that I, one of the high military commanders of the Army, am opposed to the Officers Reserve Corps and to the R.O.T.C. The contrary is true. I doubt if there be any man in public life in America today who is more in favor of both these institutions.

On page 171 of the same issue, under the caption, "A Lesson in Journalism" from the anonymous article, "Breaking into Politics," one of your writers says:

"Another odious trick is to select and quote words from a man's public remarks in such a manner as to give a totally different, sometimes an exactly opposite impression from that which was intended. Any cub reporter can put together such selections, all in quotation marks and without reportorial comment, so that their general sense will be, according to his pleasure, idiotic, outrageous, or incriminating."

Mr. Johnson is guilty of this fault. In lining me up against the Officers Reserve Corps and the R.O.T.C. he quotes from an article written by me, called *R.O.T.C. the Key to National Defense*, in which I advocate doubling the size of the Officer

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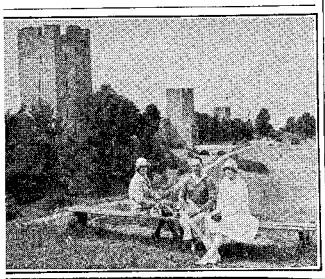

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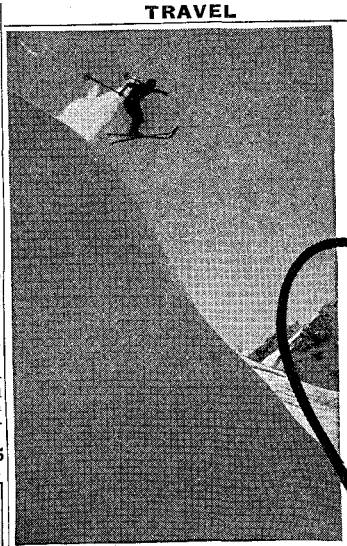

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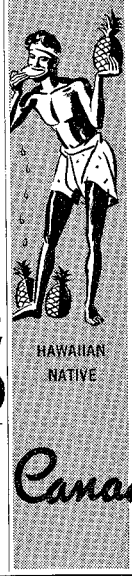

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Our Rostrum

serve Corps and greatly expanding the ivities of the R.O.T.C. . . .

The only way to prevent war or to post- ne war is to remove the causes of war. t you cannot cure malaria by brushing ay mosquitoes. There is a place for the ifists, for the diplomats, for the well- hers, for the magazine writers, for the mp speakers, the statesmen and the achers, for all those who would join ether in trying to prevent war — the st inexcusable, unexplainable, and un- ventable calamity that ever overtakes human race. But, after all these iceful agencies have failed and after ine Providence in His wisdom has sed us with the horrors of war, the ay must stand ready to bear the con- uences and to bring it to an early con- sion with the minimum loss of blood l treasure.

The man who would destroy the hose l ladders to prevent fire, who would troy the doctors and druggists to pre- t disease, who would destroy the army and navy to prevent war can be classed as an ignorant fool. This question is one of statesmanship and not of army administration. The declaration of war and the necessary preparedness to prevent and to prosecute war is a matter for the people to determine through their proper representatives in congress. It is not for the army to say. In discussing this subject, however, I ask that Mr. Johnson and others who share his views do not turn my remarks inside out to make me say something that I do not say or mean.

JOHNSON HAGOOD, *Major General*
U. S. Army
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

MAN'S FATE

To the Editor:

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

A little too often, if you ask me. I cannot see that the minister's wife [see "Unhappy Marriages in the Clergy," by Evelyn A. Cummins, October FORUM] suffers very much more than the customary lot of mankind.

H. N. MACCRACKEN
Office of the President
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MR. MORENO REBUTS

To the Editor:

The Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, has done me the honor of replying to my article, "The Holy War in Mexico," published in your September issue. I take the liberty of presenting the following comments on the article written by the Most Reverend Bishop, entitled "Mexico Persecutes the Church," appearing in the current [October] issue of your magazine.

The Most Reverend Bishop declares that the English authorities did not do for their territories and for the natives found in them the good which Spain and

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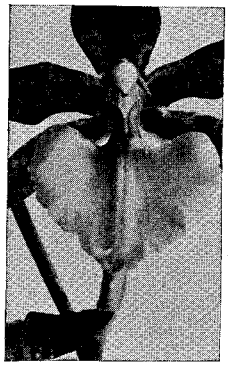
It's *May* in MEXICO



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WHAT IS LOVE?

in the December

FORUM

Our Rostum

the Roman Catholic clergy did for Mexico. Assuming that the Most Reverend Bishop is correct in this declaration, I ask: What relation does this have to the Church-and-state problem in Mexico?

The Most Reverend Bishop alleges that the statement published by *El Universal* on February 8, 1926, and which was quoted in my article was not authorized by the late Archbishop Mora y del Rio. However, with commendable sincerity, the Most Reverend Bishop hastens to inform us that the reporter who wrote the interview "guessed with fair accuracy at what His Excellency might have been thinking." My only comment is that this was a remarkable case of mind reading.

The Most Reverend Bishop alleges that more than one thousand foreign-born clergymen were deported from Mexico and that this act was not ordered by the Mexican Constitution. I respectfully refer the Most Reverend Bishop to Article XXXIII of the Mexican Constitution.

The Most Reverend Bishop declares: ". . . they are fighting for the things that the free people of these United States does *not* have to fight for." I regret to have to dispute the accuracy of this statement. The records of the case hold proof in abundance that what the Roman Catholic clergy in Mexico is fighting for is the supremacy of pontifical law over national constitutional law. This is a privilege not enjoyed by the free people of these United States.

Referring to a statement in my article, viz., ". . . relief cannot be had as long as the Church maintains its defiance of the law," the Most Reverend Bishop asks: ". . . what bewilderment comes to a reasoning mind in learning that the Church can expect no relief except by agreeing not to take any?" Yet, in the same paragraph, the Most Reverend Bishop recalls that there was a *Modus Vivendi* arrived at in 1929. I ask: Was this not achieved just because at that time the Church did abandon her attitude of defiance? If it were possible then, why should it be impossible now? The Most Reverend Bishop alleges that that *Modus Vivendi* was violated by the government. There is another side to this story.

The Most Reverend Bishop accuses me of inconsistency because I gave credit to monks and priests for protecting the Mexican Indians and, at the same time, accused the clergy of oppressing these same people. There is no inconsistency, there is truth in my statement. Certain monks and priests did spend their lives for the good of the Indians, but the clergy, as a whole, did oppress the Indians. The historic record proves this statement.

The Most Reverend Bishop proposes that the Inquisition "was really an arm of the state," not of the Church, I assume he means. This is very interesting.

The Most Reverend Bishop states that the historic records kept by the Indians were destroyed not by the clergy but by themselves. The Most Reverend Bishop has not read the record of wholesale burnings in the public square of Mexico City, ordered by the Bishop.

The Most Reverend Bishop suggests that there is as much justice in what occurs today in Mexico as there would be were we to persecute the descendants of the Puritans who burned witches, hanged Quakers, and drove Baptists to exile three hundred years ago. With all respect to the Most Reverend Bishop I must say that his suggestion is not pertinent to the case. The Roman Catholic clergy in Mexico is being prosecuted, not persecuted, not because of what it did three centuries ago but for what it did yesterday, is doing today, and threatens to do tomorrow.

The Most Reverend Bishop deplores the atrocities committed by the Cristeros (Soldiers of Christ). He does not deny that such atrocities have been and continue to be committed.

The Most Reverend Bishop attempts to discredit the personal experiences I produced as evidence that certain Roman Catholic priests in Mexico have been guilty of exploiting the people, charging exorbitant sums for such services as blessing a home, baptism, marriage, etc., etc. He states that it would be stupidity on the part of priests to act in such manner. He asks: "Is the clergy of Mexico ignorant?" Unfortunately the answer is "YES," in respect to the majority of priests there. Thousands of Americans, of all creeds, who have lived in Mexico can bear witness to this deplorable fact. The Most Reverend Bishop asserts that he knows many members of the Mexican Catholic clergy; that he met them in colleges and universities of Europe; that the number of ignorant Mexican clergymen he met would not exhaust the counting capacity of the fingers of one hand. Undoubtedly the Most Reverend Bishop is sincere in his appraisal of the Mexican clergymen. I can say only that evidently the Most Reverend Bishop's experience with Mexican clergymen has not been very broad.

The Most Reverend Bishop gives considerable space to discussing the question of ecclesiastical patronage. He draws a parallel of what it would be like if in our United States the government had control of it. He asks: ". . . how would the Methodists like the Honorable James A. Farley helping to pick their bishops; or how would the Catholics enjoy having say, Mr. Cordell Hull given power to present the Church with a new Archbishop of Baltimore?" I feel that the Most Reverend Bishop wasted space in that discussion. Everybody, even the Mexican Government, agrees with the Most Rev

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Our Rostum

erend Bishop that ecclesiastical patronage should not be controlled by the state. That question was settled finally in Mexico over a century ago. It is not a part of the present controversy.

The Most Reverend Bishop asserts that the Mexican revolution of 1810 was not against Spain but against the French threat of religious persecution in Spain. Indeed, if this were so, what can be said of the justice of a church which excommunicated the leaders of that revolution?

The Most Reverend Bishop states that it was the confiscation of the endowments for education (the Church wealth) that brought the curse of illiteracy and hopeless poverty to the Mexican people. The Most Reverend Bishop evidently has forgotten that at the time when the laws which nationalized Church properties were enacted, 1857, over eighty per cent of the Mexican population were illiterate and living under conditions of virtual slavery, notwithstanding that the clergy had had full control of education for over three hundred years. This year the Mexican government is spending forty-four and a half million pesos, on public education.

The Most Reverend Bishop refers to newspaper articles which allege that certain past leaders of Mexican politics looted banks, failed to pay huge sums owed to banks, and committed other similar acts. For the sake of argument let us admit that all this be true. I fail to understand how the misconduct of these men wipes out the historic indictment against the clergy or how it justifies the clergy's present attitude of violence against the laws and peace of the nation.

The Most Reverend Bishop closes his article asking two questions: "Can religious persecution be justified under a democratic form of government? Has a minority in power the right to set at naught the liberty of conscience?" To both questions the answer is "No." But neither of these questions is pertinent to the Mexican case. There is no religious persecution in Mexico for the reason that the controversy is not over religion. The conflict is a struggle for political powers. And the government of Mexico does not represent merely a minority. That government is in power because the vast majority supports it. And it should interest the Most Reverend Bishop to learn that that vast majority is Roman Catholic, most sincerely so, but Roman Catholics who are conscious of the need of stripping the clergy of those medieval privileges which are outworn today and for which the clergy still struggles.

Throughout his article the Most Reverend Bishop does me the honor of frequently referring to my person. Presuming that I am of Mexican origin, he pictures how I might be today "gnawing the shin bone of a dead rival tribesman" were it not for the civilizing influence of my Mother Church. He refers to me as a "propagandist for the Mexican Government in Presbyterian churches." He accuses me of forgetting my heritage as an American citizen. He accuses me of the wish to have the case of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico remain "buried under a heap of falsehoods." He refers to me continuously as a "Roman Catholic" (the quotation marks are his). I deplore that the Most Reverend Bishop could find none other than such ugly terms to use toward me. All I can do is bow to the Most Reverend Bishop and assure him that he is mistaken. Not a drop of Mexican blood flows through my veins. One of my ancestors having been the author of those historic words, "Don't give up the ship, boys," I cannot forget my heritage as an American citizen. I am not a propagandist for the Mexican Government. I have never discussed the Mexican state-and-Church case in any Presbyterian church.

Summarizing, I find that the Most Reverend Bishop Kelley has left unanswered the vital questions discussed in my article:

Is the state-and-Church conflict in Mexico of recent origin, or did it have its commencements over a century ago?

Were the original leaders of the movement atheists or Roman Catholic clergymen?

Is it true that the Roman Catholic clergy has repeatedly, over a period of one hundred years, interfered in Mexican politics, such interference often taking the form of revolutions to overthrow the government?

Is it true that, while the Roman Catholic clergy had control in Mexico, other creeds were not tolerated in Mexico?

Is it true that it was the victory of the Liberals under Juarez which in 1857 established religious freedom as a constitutional right which exists today?

Is it true that it was the Roman Catholic clergy which provoked the violent outbreak between state and Church in 1926?

Is it true that the Roman Catholic clergy in Mexico defies the constitutional law of the Nation?

Is it true that the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico blesses those who take up arms in her cause against the government?

GEORGE A. MORENO
New York, N. Y.

DEMOCRACY

To the Editor:

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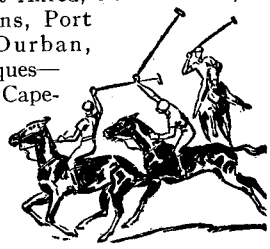

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TOASTS

HENRY L. STIMSON, formerly United States Secretary of State, in the administration of Herbert Hoover, is now engaged in the private practice of law.

ARTHUR M. HYDE, a former governor of Missouri and ex-Secretary of Agriculture under President Hoover, is also a lawyer and is prominent in lay activities of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL has been a Bishop of that Church since 1912. He is a former president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and the author of a number of books on theological subjects.

JANET FLANNER, after journalistic experience in this country, went to Paris, where she has lived since 1921. She has translated three of Colette's novels into English and is a regular and popular contributor to *The New Yorker*.

DAVID MORTON'S two latest volumes of verse are *Nocturnes and Autumnals* and *Earth's Processional*. A new one, *Entries for a Diary*, will appear next spring. Mr. Morton is professor of English at Amherst College.

MARY M. COLUM expects to publish a new book of criticism in the near future.

ENID BAGNOLD'S *Diary without Dates* from which her two pieces in THE FORUM have been taken, is being published here this fall.

GUENTHER STEIN is a former London and Moscow Editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and an economist by profession. He has lived for some time in Japan.

WILLIAM DEMILLE has been a motion picture director for the Jesse L. Lasky Company and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and at present is making plans to re-enter the legitimate-theatre field, where he once achieved success with such plays as *The Warrens of Virginia* and *The Woman*.

MARGARET MEAD is Assistant Curator of Ethnology in the American Museum of Natural History and the author of *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK has had her poetry published in a variety of American periodicals and is also the author of a novel and several short stories.

WILLIAM H. WENSTROM, a native of Sweden, came to the United States at the age of three and is a graduate of the United States Military Academy. He is a Captain of Signal Corps.

ELEANOR R. WEMBRIDGE formerly taught psychology and is now a referee in the Juvenile Court, Cleveland.

RALPH M. PEARSON is teaching art interpretation at the New School for Social Research, New York City.

SAX ROHMER is widely known as the creator of that famous character, Dr. Fu Manchu.

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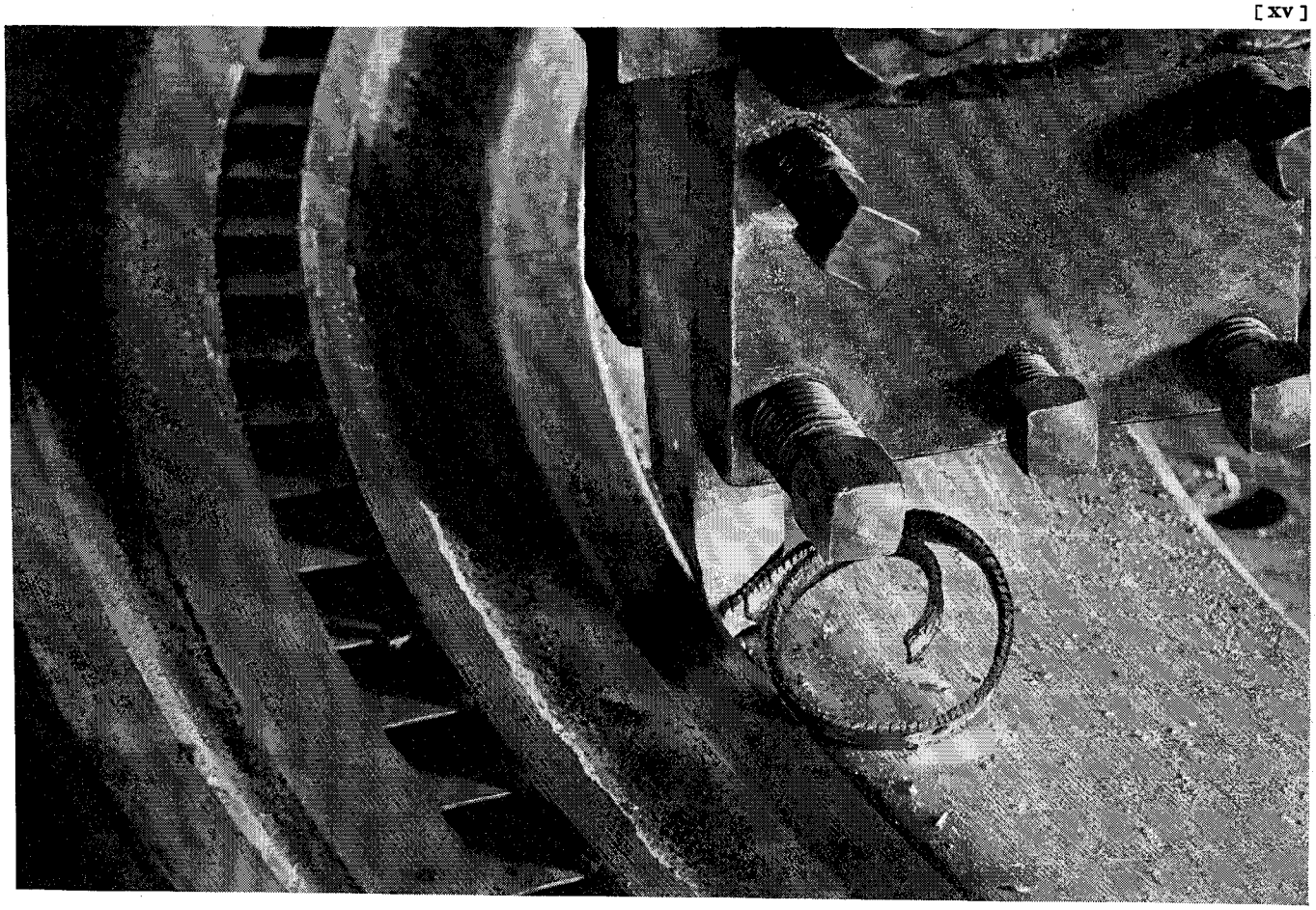

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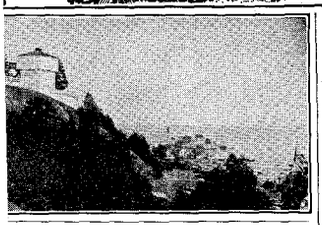

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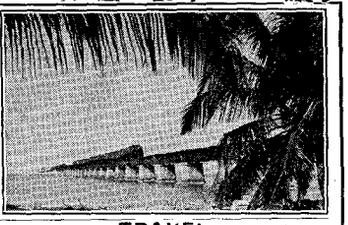

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THE CASE AGAINST ITALY

Having presented, in this issue, Italy's views on sanctions and the nearly world-wide alignment of nations against her, with special reference to the position of the United States, THE FORUM hopes to publish soon one or more opposing arguments, dealing with the difficult international situation involving Italy, America, and the League of Nations.

ARE AMERICANS NEUROTIC?

Alfred Adler

It is rapidly being recognized that psychiatry is to play an increasingly important role in the investigation and adjustment of modern social problems. In the home, in business, in the criminal court it is becoming necessary to know why people act as they do and what is responsible for their frequent departures from normal behavior. Are Americans, because of the rapid tempo of the life they lead, more subject to the aberrations called neuroses than the individuals of other nations? A psychologist of international repute discusses this point.

MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

Fred I. Kent

In our October issue, Lord William Cecil and Henry Adams Bellows debated the question of democracy's survival. Mr. Bellows has written another paper for us, in which he discusses the function of leadership in a democracy. Mr. Kent attacks a third angle of the subject, writing from the point of view of a business leader. "A permanent. organized majority," he says, "entirely outside of government, whose purpose is to further the interests of the people and whose power is dependent upon the exercise of a high average of sound judgment, can provide the missing link that will protect the people in a democracy."

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John K. Ryan

The comic strip is a unique outgrowth of American civilization. Mr. Ryan believes that, harmless as the average comic may appear, its underlying implications are not to be taken so lightly. He scores the sadism, bestiality, eroticism, and ugliness that fill the "funny papers." These things, he asserts, are more than a sign of the prevailing infantilism of the American mind. They are at once an effect and a powerful contributing cause of that condition.

OTHER FEATURES

Mary M. Colum's regular feature of literary criticism; a third article by Ralph M. Pearson evaluating the work of American art critics; a defense of the acquisitive instinct, by Ludwig Lewisohn; a dash of cold water on the dubious claims for "rejuvenating" processes, by Herman F. Strongin; an article on the American Constitution, by Salvador de Madariaga; "Take the Profit Out of Kidnaping," by Richard Lee Strout; a story by Oliver La Farge.

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OUR LORDS AND MASTERS, by The Unofficial Observer (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). The news value of this perverse, extraordinary book is that its author designates by name the actual rulers of the world. Our destinies are controlled, he says, by some two hundred men, of whom twenty-five are grand masters in their own right. To know who they are and how they function is essential to all of us — consequently one is supplied with sharp sketches and tabloid biographies of the men who may or may not preserve civilization. So much for the showier aspects of the book. Beyond mere personalities it is a study — at once shrewd, questionable, and alarming — of the thrusts and forces which are causing desperate tension both in East and West. Each major country is taken up in turn and is analyzed in terms of its psychology, its aspirations, and its guiding potentates. From his witch's brew of hatred, imperialism, and economic deadlock, The Unofficial Observer draws forth some rather astonishing conclusions. His own philosophy is never stated with any clarity, but one can be sure anyway that he believes the future probably lies with Asia, that Germany is the most dynamic country in Europe and has been grossly mistreated, that the Catholic Church will continue to function as a great co-ordinating force, that England's hands are as tainted as those of the Fascist countries and are rapidly losing their grip. Seduced by a pyrotechnic style, the general reader may place more confidence than he should in the book's more extravagant assertions. *Our Lords and Masters* is not to be regarded as wholly reliable. It is, however, pungent and richly informative — a far more ambitious piece of work than *The New Dealers* or *American Messiahs*. The Unofficial Observer writes as confidently of world politics as he does of the home product, and, though he is obviously off the track at times, his opinions are well worth listening to.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This is Mr. Lewis's answer — a driving and overwhelming one — to the people who believe that Fascism is a peculiarity of benighted Europe. Doremus Jessup thought so himself, and, though he was more intelligent than his neighbors, he was almost equally unprepared for a dictator. Doremus, a liberal and a Jeffersonian democrat, was the editor of a country newspaper in Vermont. He and his kind suffered quite as acutely as the communists when Buzz Windrip, a glorified Huey Long, became President of the United States and proceeded to inaugurate his deadly Corpo regime. All the usual manifestations of Fascism — a muffled press, concentration camps, torture and brutality — sprang up overnight on American soil, and Doremus, until he escaped to Canada and began to work for the democratic counterrevolution, suffered all the ignominy and horror with which foreign dispatches have acquainted us. Knowing America as he does, aided by his great gifts of satire and vital power, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Lewis is alarmingly convincing. He transplants Nazi methods somewhat too literally, it is true, but he leaves one in no doubt as to the possibilities of American dictatorship. Though his solution is vague and unsatisfactory, *It Can't Happen Here* is an important piece of political pamphleteering and about the most arresting and exciting book which Sinclair Lewis has written.

DWIGHT MORROW, by Harold Nicolson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). With extraordinary penetration, especially considering that he is English, Mr. Nicolson draws this portrait of an American whom he views as essentially civilized. Dwight Morrow, he says, was greater than the sum of his accomplishments; his potentialities were incalculable, but death cut them short. Consequently, though Mr. Nicolson relates the facts of Morrow's life in full and vivid detail, it is with traits of mind and character that he is most deeply concerned. He depicts Morrow as a man of great charm and integrity, tireless in his powers of concentration, equally scrupulous in his pursuit of knowledge, whether he was functioning as a lawyer, a Morgan partner, a delegate to the London Naval Conference, or Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Nicolson never convinces one that Morrow was really a liberal, but he does present him as the most enlightened type of conservative, a fine, brilliant, and enormously likeable man. Mr. Nicolson's English bias crops up occasionally, as in his description of the part which Morrow, through his Morgan connection, played during the War, but on the whole his biography is detached and not unreasonably adulatory. It could have been no easy feat for an Englishman to tackle such a subject, and, though he has written wittier and more pungent books, Mr. Nicolson comes off with honors. Certainly he has succeeded where success was most important — namely in his pleasant, accurate recreation of Dwight Morrow's personality.

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The Book Parade

BUTTERFIELD 8, by John O'Hara (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). New York, during the latter end of the speakeasy era, is brilliantly embalmed in this hard-boiled, sadistic, and venomously biting novel. Stemming, all too obviously, from the Starr Faithfull case, *Butterfield 8* is the story of a beautiful, depraved young girl named Gloria Wandrous who was corrupted in childhood by an elderly satyr. Gloria was one of the hardest drinkers and most promiscuous party girls in town. She came to a grim, loathsome end to which even her vices did not entitle her, and Mr. O'Hara describes her career with a cruel detachment which makes his book doubly effective. He knows the lurider side of Manhattan as well as the country clubs of Pennsylvania, and the accuracy of his observation is as startling as in *Appointment in Samarra*. Less fortunately, his second novel demonstrates again that a young writer of exceptional powers is wasting his time on sordid, sensational material, that he is still choosing the ephemeral rather than the significant as a field for his peculiar gifts.

IF MEMORY SERVES, by Sacha Guitry (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Actor and playwright, born to a heritage of grease paint through his great father, Lucien, Sacha Guitry has written just such a witty and worldly book as one would expect from a Parisian and a notable *boulevardier*. At first M. Guitry abides by a time sequence — he tells how his father kidnaped him and took him to Imperial Russia; how he was sent, disastrously, to twelve different schools; how his first play came to be produced; how he made his initial and most unpromising debut on the stage. Thereafter order is abandoned, and one is treated instead to a delicious helter-skelter of anecdotes about all the famous people whom Guitry has known so well. Sarah Bernhardt and Claude Monet, Clemenceau and Octave Mirbeau, the Countess de Noailles and even Al Woods — these are some of the celebrities whom Guitry pinions with his wit. His reminiscences are often impish, often a little risqué, but they have a wholehearted gaiety and charm which make up the flavor of his book. A more formal autobiography could hardly have told one so much about Guitry's ironic and engaging character.

GOLDEN APPLES, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribner, $2.50). Writing again of the swampy Florida interior, Mrs. Rawlings has produced a novel which is more complex and rather more interesting than *South Moon Under*. Two young Florida crackers, orphaned children named Luke and Allie, establish themselves in a cabin in the midst of the forest which has long since been abandoned. Then its

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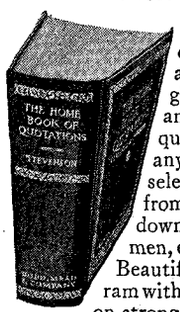

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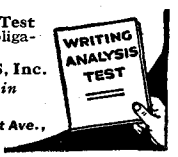

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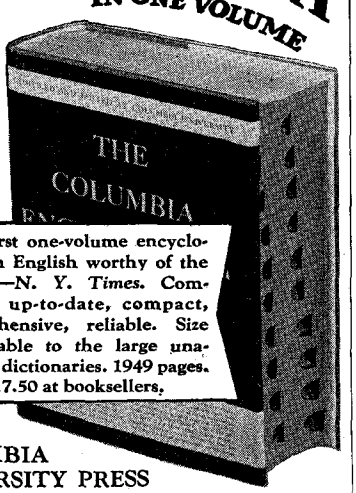

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rightful owner, a young Englishman who has unjustly been exiled from home, appears to claim his property and precipitates turmoil and excitement in the primeval backwoods. How the despairing Tordell frets at his banishment, how he seduces Allie, how he finally adjusts himself after great torment — this is the burden of an honest and arresting story. Mrs. Rawlings' knowledge of forgotten Florida is as acute as ever, and her second novel gains in richness and interest because of its wider, more intricate theme.

MEASURING ETHIOPIA AND FLIGHT INTO ARABIA, by Carleton S. Coon (Little, Brown, $2.50). Easily the most entertaining and readable of current books on Ethiopia, this is an account of a small anthropological mission, headed by Dr. Coon, which set out optimistically to measure Abyssinian skulls. In Addis Ababa, however, the mission was thwarted by tortuous governmental obstructions and by the knavery of a native, educated in the West, whom Dr. Coon had unfortunately annexed before leaving America. Eventually the expedition moved on to more hospitable Arabia, penetrated the kingdom of Yemen, and acquired some interesting information about the aims of Italian imperialism. Despite, however, the shortness of his stay, Dr. Coon used his time in Ethiopia to good advantage. He has much to contribute about the racial complexities there, the intrigues and curious night life of Addis Ababa, the customs and temper of a country which is now the focus of world news. Whether he is describing Ethiopia or even-less-known Arabia, Dr. Coon writes with a shrewd vivacity and humor unusual in an anthropologist. Aside from its timeliness, his is an extraordinarily interesting and lively travel book.

ETHIOPIA, A Pawn in European Diplomacy, by Ernest Work (Macmillan, $2.50). Totally unlike Dr. Coon's book, this is a diplomatic history of Ethiopia written by an American who was formerly educational adviser to the government. It is a very complex, specialized, and disillusioning account of the efforts made by Italy, France, and England to grab the last of free Africa. The period covered is primarily 1885 to 1906, when the imperialistic fever was at its height, and the facts disclosed are so unsavory that one wonders how other nations dare to condemn Italy. Written from the Ethiopian standpoint, this is a useful source book but rather hard going for the layman.

GUILLOTINE PARTY, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard, $2.50). Most of these short stories serve as addenda to the Studs Lonigan trilogy. Again, with merciless objectivity, Mr. Farrell describes the lower-middle-class youth of Chicago — narrow, crude, unimaginative young men whose chief sports are whoring, boozing and nigger baiting. When he turns to alien material — as, for example, to American expatriates in Paris — Mr. Farrell is far less successful, but his Chicago stories, though they merely restate what he has already said, are terrifyingly real and convincing.

WOMEN, by Winifred Holtby (Longmans, $1.75). According to Miss Holtby — who died, unhappily, just at the time this book was published in America — a widespread reaction against equality between the sexes is menacing the gains which women have won at such cost. Fascism, the economic slump, the new aggressiveness of the Catholic Church are all combining to thrust women back into the bondage from which they have only just emerged. How degrading that bondage was, what steps towards independence still remain to be taken Miss Holtby outlines in crisp, lucid detail. Her book is at once an extraordinarily concise history of woman's emancipation and a hortatory pamphlet pointing out the dangers which are threatening on all sides. Free of the fanaticism of the extreme feminist, she has written an acute and rather disturbing book.

OLD HOME TOWN, by Rose Wilder Lane (Longmans, $2.00). Purporting to be a novel, *Old Home Town* is really an account, diverting and evocative, of how life was lived in the Middle West thirty years ago. Through a series of loosely connected stories, Mrs. Lane describes the conventions of the period, the sad results of rebellion, the bigotry which affected even the kindliest of the townsfolk. There is plenty of irony in the book, and Mrs. Lane knows just how hard and narrow small-town existence was; but somehow she manages to glaze over her memories with a kind of cozy nostalgia. Her material is not new, but she makes the best of it and has a nice eye for the furnishings of front parlors. Less stinging than Thyra Samter Winslow, though in her own way equally observant, she sees the vanished small town as a subject for gentle ridicule.

THE UNPREDICTABLE ADVENTURE, by Claire Myers Spotswood (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Extremely Jurgenesque both in matter and manner, this is an intricate allegory of a quest for truth. Tellectina, accompanied all too persistently by her sister, Femina, sets out from Smug Harbor for the perilous land of Nithking. There, guided by the great living and the great dead, she discovers those things which it is needful for a woman to know, and is hampered, always, by the dual claims of intellect and flesh. Miss Spotswood's parable is ingenious, elabo-

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rate, and detailed, but her debt to Mr. Cabell is almost painfully obvious, and she copies him far too religiously, especially in the matter of anagrams. Distinctly daring, somewhat dubious as to its philosophy, one feels that this novel is a little out-of-date — that it is keyed to the vanished 'twenties.

FLOWERING JUDAS, by Katharine Anne Porter (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Originally printed in 1930 in a limited edition, *Flowering Judas* has now been republished with the addition of four new stories. That Miss Porter is as fine a writer as a small coterie has claimed this book makes conclusively evident. To a style as subtle and beautiful as Kay Boyle's she adds greater vitality and a freedom from rarefied mannerisms. A good many of her stories have a Mexican setting, but there are others as good — notably "The Cracked Looking-Glass" — which owe nothing to an exotic background. Clearly one of the best and most fastidious of modern short-story writers, Miss Porter is a person to be reckoned with.

WHAT THE SWEET HELL?, by Peter Chamberlain (Holt, $2.00). More American than British in their vigor and their entire tone, these short stories are the work of a young Englishman who clearly belongs among the new experimentalists. With fine impartiality, Mr. Chamberlain writes of escapades in boys' schools, junketing in Italy, the indiscretions of the rich, and the bitter stratagems of the poor. There is at least one first-rate story in the book — "Shrimps" — and, save for a plethora of overtenuous sketches, Mr. Chamberlain shows himself to be a writer of power and originality. When he learns to choose his material better he ought to be very good.

YOUR LIFE LIES BEFORE YOU, by Harry Hansen (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Mr. Hansen, the book critic of the *New York World-Telegram*, has chosen a Midwestern river town as the setting for this tepid but smoothly written little novel. Young David Kinsman, a reporter for the local paper, is turbulently affected by his association with Professor Sylvester, the thwarted, egotistical composer, and his talented daughter, with whom David falls in love. There is much talk of music in the book, and there are some really excellent descriptions of steamboating in the early days of the century. Pleasant enough, lacking in obvious flaws, the chief trouble with Mr. Hansen's book is its low vitality and its failure to seem significant.

FATE CRIES OUT, by Clemence Dane (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). In these nine tales Miss Dane has taken an excursion into realms of imagination. Partly her

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared David P. Page, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM and Century and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher*, FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, DAVID P. PAGE, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Business Manager*, DAVID P. PAGE, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D. C., FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, 4101 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: JULIA BARNET RICE, ISAAC L. RICE, JR., JULIAN RICE, Trustees of the Estate of Isaac L. Rice, care Bankers Trust Company, 16 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DAVID P. PAGE
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this third day of October, 1935.

[SEAL] NICHOLAS W. CORTEZ

(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

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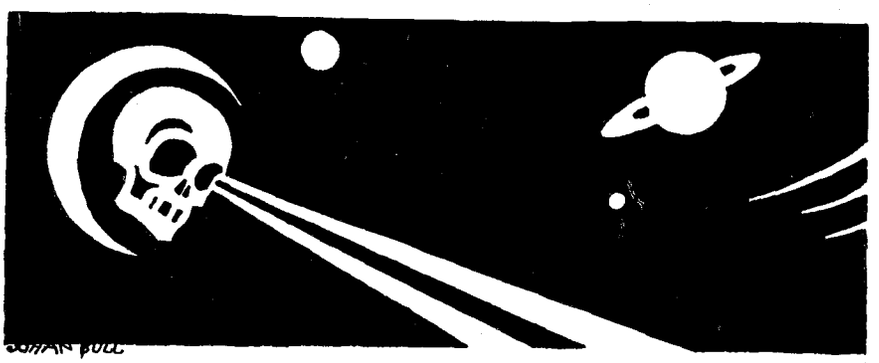

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Manuscripts must be accompanied by a signed agreement, accepting the rules of the competition. For copies of these forms, and further details concerning the contest, address either of the two publishers.

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The Book Parade

stories are fantasies, based often on Grimm; partly they are recreations of history and the Bible, footnotes to veritable fact which carry their own charm and conviction. Esther and Vashti, Stephen and Mathilda of England, poor clumsy Queen Anne and the ill-tempered Duchess of Marlborough — so persuasively does Miss Dane betray their secrets that one credits her with magic hindsight. The best of her stories is "The Valiant Little Tailor," but her whole book, romantic as it is, has a suave cleverness and glamour which makes for pleasant reading.

Youth Uncharted, by Stephen Lawford (Macmillan, $2.50). A thin, spectacled schoolboy of seventeen, Stephen Lawford wangled his way into the British Army in 1914 by process of beating the local medical examiner at tennis. He saw service in India and Arabia, but it was not until after the war that his career of turbulent adventure really began. Then, in South Russia — where he had gone originally as the secretary of a curious entrepreneur named Asala — he did all manner of exciting and perilous jobs for various English firms which were operating behind the front of Denikin's retreating army. The Whites and the British were finally pushed into the sea; Mr. Lawford made a rather precarious escape and later moved on to the Balkans and Constantinople, where he assisted the British Government and the League of Nations in aiding refugees. It was a difficult, exciting, heartbreaking mission, and in the course of it Mr. Lawford learned all there is to know about the pitiful aftermath of war. Still later his duties called him to South America, where it was hoped that colonies might be established for the refugees. This is the least interesting part of the book, as the Russian sections are the most thrilling, but none of Mr. Lawford's adventures could be called exactly dull. He writes, always, with humor and zest and with a complete lack of self-consciousness and self-importance. In depth, significance, and maturity of viewpoint *Youth Uncharted* is inferior to *Personal History,* but as an enthralling tale of an unusual career it has much to recommend it.

Three Flights Up, by Helen Woodward (Dodd, Mead, $3.00). Very simple, full of humor and warmth, this is an admirable evocation of an East Side childhood in the '80's and '90's. Mrs. Woodward's parents were Jewish, of German-Polish descent, and lived respectably on First Avenue despite an appallingly inadequate income. Papa was a cigar maker, a socialist, an inveterate gambler — an intelligent, frustrated man whose interest in politics and labor unions Mama was never able to understand. He is the outstanding figure in this extraordinarily appealing autobiography, which captures the authentic flavor of working-class life in New York. It is not of the Ghetto that Mrs. Woodward writes but of those staider, slightly more prosperous neighborhoods whose inhabitants just managed to keep their heads above water, to dress their children in clean clothes and provide them with occasional pennies for candy. Dozens of novels have dealt with the same approximate background, but *Three Flights Up* is richer, more vivid, more informative than any fictional tale of mean streets. In every sense it is a first-rate book, excellently written and as moving as it is entertaining.

The Du Pont Dynasty, by John K. Winkler (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00). Of French Huguenot origin, the Du Ponts came to America in 1800 — tribally, as they do everything. Shortly afterwards Irénée, who had studied chemistry under Lavoisier, established the first Du Pont powder factory on the Brandywine and so laid the seeds of his family's industrial glory. How the great Delaware clan expanded and prospered, how it subjected itself to a rigid internal discipline, how it intermarried and quarrelled, how, after the war, it turned to new gold mines of peacetime products — this is the gist of a very absorbing chronicle. As is too often true, there is little profundity in Mr. Winkler's new book, and it is written in a careless, hasty journalese. His facts, however, are inherently so interesting that the story swings along on its own momentum. Uncritical and superficial as his book is, it does succeed in making one understand how the Du Ponts function and how they have retained their grip for so long on one of the oldest and mightiest of our industrial empires.

Edna His Wife, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Once more Mrs. Barnes has written a long, leisurely chronicle of a woman's life, full of period color and animated by ironic tenderness. Edna was a stationmaster's daughter in a small town near Chicago. In the days of bicycles and beer gardens she committed the error of eloping with Paul Jones, a handsome, ambitious young lawyer who was attracted by her plump, golden prettiness. Paul succeeded in life — grew richer and richer as he moved on inexorably from Chicago to Washington to New York — but poor placid Edna, naïve and none too intelligent, was worsted in the struggle to keep up with her imperious husband. Socially inept, not brilliant enough to be a real companion to Paul, her final end was frustration and loneliness. She had everything that money could buy, including a resplendent modern penthouse in New York, but in her stout, perplexed middle age she realized that life had cheated her.

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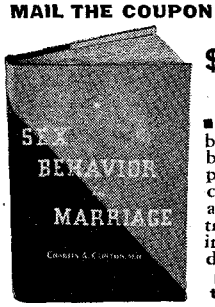

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Time for Bed

CHILDREN must have the proper amount of sleep in order to grow, to fight off disease, to become alert mentally and strong physically. Foremost child experts prescribe the definite amounts of sleep which children should have at various ages (shown in the chart). A child should be in the right frame of mind when he goes to bed. If he has been unduly excited, it is difficult for him to relax.

Adults, too, should have the proper amount of sleep. Each day they burn up tissue which rest helps to restore at night. During hours of physical and mental activity the body accumulates fatigue poisons which are thrown off in sleep.

Pain, worry, bad digestion are sleep-thieves. Prolonged loss of sleep makes one irritable and below par, mentally and physically. The tendency to insomnia may often be successfully combated in various ways—sometimes by taking a walk before going to bed—reading a non-exciting book—drinking a cup of hot milk, but above all, by learning to relax. Let go of every muscle, ease every tension, drop your problems until tomorrow and let yourself sink into the bed instead of holding yourself rigidly on top of it. Even though you do not actually go to sleep, such repose will bring a good measure of health repair. But when loss of sleep is persistent, a physician should be consulted.

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SLEEP REQUIRED BY THE AVERAGE CHILD

One of the most valuable things you can do for your child is to insist that he gets enough sleep. Make sure that he receives his full amount of Nature's great builder and restorer—sleep.

Age	*Hours of sleep needed*
At birth	20 to 22 hours*
At 6 months	16 to 18 hours*
At 1 year	14 to 16 hours*
2 to 5 years	13 to 15 hours*
6 to 7 "	12 hours
8 to 10 "	11 hours
11 to 12 "	10 to 11 hours
13 to 15 "	10 to 12 hours

*Including daytime sleep

(Compiled from U.S. Children's Bureau Folder 11, "*Why Sleep?*")

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